THE

HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

VOL. III.

Printed by J. D. Dewick,
46, Barbican.

THE
HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

3543

AN HISTORICAL AND MORAL

ROMANCE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

" Some are born great,
Some achieve greatness!"

* * * * *

" The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
——————— then shall he mourn."

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.
TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY SQUARE.

1809.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY TANJORE

THE

HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

CHAP. I.

HEART-RENDING was the task which now remained to the hapless Marchioness. That career which she had begun with prospects so brilliant, a heart so gay and innocent, was fast drawing to its close! What had been the performance of her early promise of almost boundless happiness? Scarcely had she fixed her admiring eyes on the magic scene, ere it faded from her view! The dark and heavy clouds of misfortune had gathered around her horizon—all her

joyous visions were obscured by lowering gloom—and now she would soon finish her course, by sinking into a premature grave—the victim of remorse, for her breach of the most sacred of vows!

The grief of Sabina was silent, and concentrated. Declining all consolation, she had shut herself up alone in her own apartment; her mind labouring with a purpose which she at length resolved to execute.

To the repeated and earnest entreaties of her friends to be admitted, she summoned courage to appoint a morning, which was a few weeks after the sacred remains of the Marquis were deposited in their kindred earth, on which to see them, till when, she begged to remain uninterrupted.

In this request the Marchioness was indulged; and on the appointed day, faithful to her promise, as soon as, with the assistance of Camilla, she had reach-

ed the Countess's drawing-room, and given a few moments to recover herself, the Prince, father Theodore, and Sidney, were summoned to join her, by her desire.

Deeply affecting was the interview: each individual had a separate cause of sorrow, besides the recent loss all so sincerely lamented. In the friends of Sabina, it was the sad conviction that every hope of preserving her was extinguished, from the dreadful alteration which had taken place in her appearance since they last met.

On her part, it was the feeling that she was about to remove a delusion under which her friends now acted—the dissipation of which would destroy the respect she had so long enjoyed! Another hour, and those much-loved beings would behold in the creature of whom they had thought so highly, an

unfaithful, perjured wife, to the most generous of men! Her child, too, would learn, that he was a usurper of the name and rank he bore! Dreadful was the task she had to perform!—but she had resolved not to quit life with an act of injustice so enormous on her conscience; and she thought the torture which must attend the confession, an atonement due to the manes of the deceased.

The solemnity, and collected manner with which she first received these cherished friends, soon gave way to timidity and fearful agitation.

Wholly mistaking the cause, the Prince seated himself on the sofa by her, and with his arm, supported her almost sinking frame. Father Theodore also placed himself at her side;, while Sidney, in uncontroulable sorrow, threw himself at her feet. It was in that si-

tuation that he listened to the events with which his fate was so intimately connected.

Long and mournful was the pause that succeeded to the first tumults, with which they greeted the Marchioness. At length, in a voice so faint and tremulous as scarcely to be intelligible, she said, "Dear and sole objects of my earthly cares.—I must leave you! —That stroke I keenly feel—Yet, Ah! how infinitely deeper the consciousness that the most soothing hope I dare indulge—is to be forgotten by you, when I am gone!—That *you*, my Sidney—blessed child of my affections! will never recal the excellence of that departed saint, whose name she bore, without shuddering at the memory of your guilty mother!"

The words of Sabina appeared to petrify her son; who, motionless—his eyes rivetted on her face—and in breath-

less expectation—listened to the history of that fatal era, which had coloured, with a hue so sombre, all her after days.

By a violent effort, she forced herself to retrace her ill-omened visit to the Egyptian sibyl—the cause of her being conveyed to the hotel of the three strangers—the terrors she had suffered—the fatal change of miniatures, attributable to that terror—the curiosity excited by the conversation she had there, in a situation so extraordinary, overheard—the admiration and gratitude with which she was inspired, towards the noble stranger, on finding the Marquis owed to his valour his life. The interest, his too visible unhappiness, on a more intimate acquaintance, excited in her bosom—her innocent endeavours to alleviate that unhappiness—the charm his society, unconsciously to herself, gradually acquired over her—his rescuing

her from death, on their perilous excursion on the Bidassoa—At length, his declaration that *she* was the object of his love—her horror at that confession, and consequent resolution to see him no more.—His illness—the effect the sight of his sufferings produced on her—the promise he wrung from her, during the debility of his convalescence, not to banish him her presence.—Their mutual grief at his abrupt summons from France—and finally, the annihilation of her peace and honor, on the eve of his departure!

Speechless from surprise and grief, not one of the auditors of Sabina attempted to interrupt her; and she proceeded to detail the Marquis's unexampled generosity.

Before she concluded this most painful avowal, she remarked, that the Knight had obeyed the command she had laid on him, never more to address

her—that she had, on her part, made it a sacred duty to shun all occasions, on which it was possible she might even hear him mentioned—that she was wholly ignorant of the cause which frustrated the Marquis's benevolent designs in her favor; but from whatever source it arose, she had rejoiced that the subject was never by him revived; since she felt too certainly that her restoration to happiness was impossible; conscious as she must ever remain of her own unworthiness.—Nor could she ever support the idea of again meeting the being, who, reckless of her future fate, had at the same time sacrificed *her* peace, and the honor of her noble husband.—She said, she had arrived at the Chateau de Montresor, fully resolved to assume the veil, as soon as the three years exacted by the Marquis were expired; but the new tie, which had, in the intermediate period, required her cares, sus-

pended those intentions till they could be no longer necessary to him. That child had been, if possible, trebly endeared to her wretched heart, by the certainty that his sweet and innocent gaiety must, at a future day, be depressed by the humiliating knowledge, that he had no other claim but what the *benevolence* of the Marquis allowed him, to his paternal cares. "It has, however, mercifully pleased Heaven," pursued Sabina, "to conduct me early to that more peaceful retreat, which will shelter me from all future earthly sorrows. To your care, my tender—my early friends, do I entrust all, that in a short time, will remain to you, of her, whose helpless years you fostered with such parental solicitude. Guard, for *her* sake, this innocent treasure; to whom the crime of his guilty mother cannot be attachable—that unhappy mother! who dies of grief and remorse, for an in-

jury, which once committed, no tears, no repentance, could wash away!"

The Prince first broke the awful silence, which followed the concluding words of Sabina.

"Had I earlier learnt this fatal story," said he, "nothing but the traitor's blood could have appeased my just resentment."

The look of horror, with which the Marchioness withdrew the hand he held, instantly calmed the furious passion which shook his soul.

"Fear nothing, sweet victim of a villain's perfidy," added he, in a voice now expressive only of the gentlest compassion, "I solemnly swear to respect in *him* the father of *your* child.—Come to my arms, thou precious legacy, thus affectingly bequeathed by the darling of my juvenile years—by that lovely orphan—whose endearing caresses, and fascinating prattle, first

awoke my young heart to the soft sensations of parental fondness!"

The distracted Sidney, bewildered, and overcome by the novel and complicated emotions which assailed him, threw himself on the bosom of the Prince; while his almost lifeless mother, sunk on the shoulder of her early protector, her anxious looks immoveably fixed on the agitated features of her son. That amiable boy, perceiving the situation of his hapless parent, tenderly reposed his glowing cheek on hers, now faded and wan, which he bedewed with tears of the keenest sensibility.

The Prince long held them both enfolded in his protecting arms; and father Theodore interrupted not the affecting scene. Lost in his own sorrow, he sat silently regarding it. By degrees, their highly-wrought feelings in some measure subsided. Sidney, disengaging himself gently from the Prince, and

again throwing himself at the feet of Sabina, entreated her to live for his sake.

"Spare me, my child," cried she, faintly, and pressing him to her heart, "I quit thee not voluntarily!"

The Prince now earnestly besought the Marchioness to acquaint him with the name of that being, who had so cruelly blighted her early hopes.

To this she replied, that she was still unacquainted with his name and condition. "But this," continued she, taking from the casket (which Camilla had, at her desire, placed near her) the fatal miniature, "this may some day lead to the discovery you seek; after the solemn promise you have given me, I fearlessly place it in your honorable hands."

The Prince unclasped it as she spoke, and eagerly examined it. "Great God!" cried he, "is it possible!"——

"You know, then, the original!" exclaimed the trembling Sabina;" while the eyes of Sidney, and father Theodore, were, with the most painful anxiety fixed on him.

"*Know* him!" exclaimed Charles, with much emotion; "Oh, my unfortunate child!—Why must I, in the ruthless destroyer of thy life, recognize that great, magnanimous, adored hero, whose exalted merits, and matchless services, have forced the unanimous voice of his country to call him to its Throne.

The eyes of Sidney lost their mournful expression, and sparkled with unusual brilliancy as the Prince continued. "Yes, my boy! to the illustrious Sobieski, now King of Poland, do you owe your being.—That man! who, though born to be my evil genius, still must I admire and love; for, if great have been his faults, distinguished also are his vir-

tues.—Would to God, Sabina, for your sake, you had never met!—Yet shall he make ample reparation to the son, for the wrongs he has done the mother."

A faint gleam of satisfaction crossed the countenance of the Marchioness as she meekly answered, "Be it so—when I am gone—to your care, and that of father Theodore, do I entirely commit him."

At her request, the friends now left her to compose her greatly agitated spirits; and in the evening, when she again received them, they found her considerably tranquillized; the relief of disburthening her so long oppressed heart, had been greater than she even dared to hope; and she was able to listen, with fortitude, to the persuasive eloquence of father Theodore, as he gently touched on the errors of her conduct—those errors! apparently so trivial, but which had drawn with them consequences of

such infinite importance to the whole of her future life!

"Your first wrong step, my child," said the good man, "was that of *deceiving* the kind *protectress* under whose guardianship you were placed, and executing a project, at once dangerous and improper. Observe, my Sabina, that the long chain of misery you have since dragged on, has been but continued links of the one—the first of which you that evening forged. But for your *clandestine expedition*, your miniature would not have fallen into the hands of that impetuous youth; who, consequently, could not have passed days in heating his vivid imagination, by the contemplation of your resemblance; indulging, at the same time, the delusive hopes, that you were attainable by himself. Had he, on the contrary, known you first as the wife of another, the impression he would have received must have

been totally of a different nature. Your next indiscretion owes its origin to motives so amiable, as to merit our warm compassion; yet it was an indiscretion still more to be deplored than the first. —Let no young married female listen to the voice of love from any lips but those of her husband – though they represent the theme of their panegyric—of their tender plaints—to be another object than herself. Danger lurks under the supposed security this excuse affords—and many an innocent creature, who would at first have shrunk with horror from an improper declaration, has, when believing it applied to another, listened to its glowing language, till, intoxicated by its poisonous effects, she has at last with pleasure, heard it addressed to herself! This, my sweet child, was not your case; your heart, though subdued, was not corrupted—yet was your compassion so powerfully

wrought on, by those insidious conversations, as to incapacitate you from persevering in your virtuous designs, of never again seeing him who had acted a part of such dire duplicity—a part too often practised by our sex.—And here again, my love, an ingenuous confidence in the amiable Baroness, might still have preserved you. Unsuspicious and imprudent as may appear her conduct, a word—the slightest hint would have alarmed her fears—and you must have been saved.—Yes! you would, by this salutary measure, have escaped the misery which has since overwhelmed you. Time and absence could not have failed to weaken the impression made by the arch deceiver on your inexperienced heart; and the virtues, joined to the tender assiduities of your noble husband, would have completed your cure."

"You are right, dear father," said

Sabina, faintly; "the too late conviction of this truth, has, next to remorse, formed my most severe punishment."

"Say, my respected friend," exclaimed Prince Charles, addressing himself to Theodore, "which do you pronounce to have most deserved punishment—this unfortunate dear one—or he, who, with such deliberate cruelty, pursued her to her ruin?"

"Her seducer!" cried the good man, with passionate warmth.

"And yet," replied the Prince, "observe on whom the whole weight has fallen!—While this sweet victim has been sinking, in sorrow, to an early grave, from the dread consequences of her broken vows, the career of him, who tempted her to the offence, has been unchecked by grief or regret! His moments of compunction, we will believe him to have had—his tender recollec-

tions of one so fascinating—but too transitory have they proved to impede his course!"

"His master-passion, *ambition*, has been amply gratified! While yet of an age to enjoy, in its fullest extent, an homage so flattering to a soul like his, he has seen himself, by the fond admiration of his country, seated on its throne!"

"Ah!" cried father Theodore, with a sigh, "may this striking example teach those thoughtless wives, who do not already sufficiently feel its truth, how abhorrent, in their eyes, should be the selfish seducer!—that they ought to shun him as their most baleful enemy—since, regardless of the unequal ground on which he meets the deluded object of his pretended love; and, reckless of her future peace, as of her husband's honor, he mercilessly tears her from the bosom of that family, in which

alone she can find true peace and happiness!"

Prince Charles now recommended the exhausted Sabina to seek repose; which she promised she would endeavour to obtain. But, before withdrawing, he told her, he had been employed since the morning, in writing a short sketch of those leading features of Sobieski's life, with which she was unacquainted; and the ever-memorable events which had raised him to the height on which he now stood.

"As soon as I have completed the narrative, my beloved child," added he, "you shall peruse it. You cannot fail being interested in one, whose soul I mean to probe, for the sake of this dear boy. I predict, he will receive and love him, as he deserves."

Sabina pressed to her quivering lips the Prince's hand, but attempted not to trust her voice in reply.

On the following morning a sealed packet was delivered to her by Camilla. It was directed by the Prince; and, with unsteady fingers, she broke the seal.—As soon as the violent agitation which shook her fragile frame permitted her, she began the perusal. After a touching and tender address to herself, from that excellent friend, he thus proceeds—

CHAP. II.

"To Genealogists, I leave the task of displaying the ancestrel dignities of the house Sobieski. My mind was early and wisely directed to value the succession of *virtues*, which, on both sides, have shed infinitely more lustre over their names than their high pedigree, and impressed me with an ardent desire of forming *my* character on such admirable models.

"When this illustrious descendant of the Zolkiewska's and Sobieski's, first began his glorious career, with generous emulation I strove to rival him in the splendor of his race. Alas! fortune has frowned upon my zealous endeavours,

while she has crowned my competitor with glory. Yet, though I envy his *fame*, I love and revere those virtues and talents, which have given him that palm for which I have long contended. Yes, though he has outstripped me in his rapid progress through the path of glory, I record with pleasure, and as a tribute due from one noble mind to another, the distinguished actions which have ennobled his life, and won my esteem.

"Sobieski, as well as his elder brother, was born in the castle of Olesko, on one of the many princely estates in the palatinate of Russia, which his mother inherited from the Zolkiewska's, a family powerful from its vast domains;* but

* The manor of Zolkiew contained a fortified town, with a castle, to which were attached 150 villages. Zloczow, another fortified place, contained as many; to which must be added Olesko, a manor scarcely inferior to the other two.

still more so for the rare union of those brilliant qualities, which form the warrior, the statesman, and the patriot. The former far exceeded the principalities of many sovereigns in Italy and Germany; and to do justice to the latter, is beyond the power of my pen! I shall, therefore, simply relate the information Fame has conveyed to me, that it may serve as an incentive to one, who, as a descendant from that renowned family, ought to follow their bright example.

"Zolkiewska, the maternal grandfather of Sobieski, particularly distinguished himself in 1610, by defeating the Muscovites, and bringing to the feet of his sovereign, Sigismund III. the Czar Basilius, as his captive. Noble as was this victory, his subsequent defeat and death were not less glorious.

"Ever memorable to the Poles will be the era, when, forcing his way through

a hundred thousand Tartars, who had pursued and harassed him during a march of one hundred leagues, he reached the banks of the Neister, on the frontiers of Poland. While he was there, rejoicing in the safety that situation promised, he suddenly saw his cavalry plunge into the river, basely abandoning their General, and his infantry, to the fury of the enemy. On this fatal event, his son besought him to provide for his own safety, but rejecting the proposal, he nobly answered, 'I am answerable to the republic for the army entrusted to my care, and, with my brave soldiers, will I stand or fall.'—They were soon after surrounded by the Tartars, to whom, the dastardly desertion of the horse, made them an easy prey.* The foot were cut to pieces before his face; his son expired in his

* Vide Lengnich.—History of Poland.

sight; and himself, covered with wounds, survived only a few hours, to die with greater horror. The Turkish General severed his head from his body, and sent it to the seraglio, to revive the spirits of the Ottoman empire. It was afterwards redeemed, and the father and son were buried in the same grave, with this inscription :—

'May an Avenger arise out of our Ashes.'

But a more flattering monument was raised by the grateful republic on that spot, where this noble blood was spilt !—The reward of true heroism, is the acquiring not only the esteem of our friends, but the respect also of our enemies! The Turks and Tartars held in high veneration this tribute to the memory of their redoubted, but admirable, enemy !

"The only remaining son of the great

Zolkiewska, with a small troop, raised at his own expence, heroically attempted to perform the duty prescribed by his sire; but he fell before superior numbers; and, failing to accomplish the end for which he fought, the task of retribution devolved on Sobieski, whose soul breathed the warm spirit of resentment, whenever he read, on the tomb of his progenitor, the inscription which exhorted him to vengeance.

"This great hero had equal reason to be proud of his paternal grandfather, who conquered the rebellious Dantzickers, in 1577; upon which occasion, that undaunted General threw himself into the Vistula, in pursuit of their commander in chief, and slew him, with his own hand, in the middle of the river. The intrepid warrior met death at the attack of Sokal, a Russian fortress, which he had the happiness, ere he closed his eyes, of seeing in the posses-

sion of the Poles: and thus expired, in the arms of victory, leaving glory as an inheritance to his posterity. Most proudly, most tenaciously, did James Sobieski, the happy father of my admired competitor, cherish the radiant legacy, ambitious of transmitting it, untarnished, to his descendants; and well has he performed that sacred duty; for it now sparkles with undiminished splendour around the temples of the illustrious, the renowned, the beloved, Sobieski!"

"Beloved!" repeated the greatly-moved Sabina, and raising her humid eyes to that heaven, whither she was hastening; "Oh! too fatally beloved!"—Some minutes elapsed ere she could command sufficient fortitude to resume the narrative, which thus continued:—

"How rapid has been his progress to the temple of Fame!—I have *vainly* labored to gain the steep ascent, and pain-

fully struggled with impediments, which his more propitious genius has enabled him to conquer; and, with the swiftness of lightning, conducting him through a path which cannot be traced, has placed him on a throne!—and wrapt him in a blaze of boundless glory!

"Yet, let me not forget what he owes to the paternal hand, which assiduously formed him, by its own instruction and example, equally to shine in the senate, and the camp. Though I will not detract from my rival's greatness, I may say, *that* the hero, who, in the absence of the Grand General, Prince Uladistas, defeated, in the famous battle of Choczin, two hundred thousand Turks and Tartars, with only sixty-five thousand Poles and Cossacks; who afterwards negociated an honorable peace with the Porte; whose abilities as a statesman, ever made him the chosen minister to foreign courts; who, amidst the din of

arms, and the study of politics, found time to exercise his *pen* in the service of the republic—his *munificence* in the encouragement of the fine arts—and his *talents* in the education of his children—was an incomparable guide in the splendid course he wished his son to pursue; and smoothed for him the rugged road, which led to that pinnacle of greatness, he has attained! Still may all due honor fall on that son, who has so fully answered the magnificent views, profited by the excellent precepts, and followed in the glorious footsteps, of such a father!

"The noble-minded James Sobieski, considered, in his own country, as the 'Buckler of Liberty,' with the liberality of soul that title imports, sent his sons abroad to seek those improvements, in mind and manners, which he thought best attainable, by an equal, and unobstructed communication, with men of

different countries. On their departure, he strongly recommended to them the study of the genius, character, and polity, of the various nations they should visit; and not to lose, in the refinements of elegance, and the charms of social pleasure, the great object of their travels.

"France was the first place of their ———"

The manuscript dropped from the trembling hands of Sabina, as the train of recollections rapidly passed through her memory, in sad review, which were conjured up by the mention of that, for her, calamitous visit of research; and it was not till the next day, that she could prevail on herself to pursue the history.

"From that country these noble brothers were to have proceeded to Constantinople, had not their father's illness suddenly recalled them to Poland. Notwithstanding the filial haste with which

they obeyed the summons, they had not the happiness of receiving the benediction of a parent they so fondly loved: he had breathed his last sigh some days before their arrival, leaving them, in the memory of his virtues, an inheritance of greater estimation than his vast possessions!

"His virtues were divided between his sons. *The elder possesing those which beautified his domestic character; the younger the shining qualities which marked him for a hero: the former, of a mild temper, and docile disposition, appeared formed to be his mother's darling; while his brother, of a lively, ardent, and impetuous character, was *inflexibly bent on obtaining whatever he desired.* (Heart-rending was the sigh with which the hapless Sabina read those words.)—Greedy was he of praise, and from his

* Mark Sobieski, born in the castle of Olesko.

infancy, easily wrought upon by fear of disgrace—never by dread of punishment.

" His illustrious sire discovered, at a very early period of his childhood, the first rays of that glory, which propheсied his future greatness; and, encouraged by these early flashes of superior genius, he fed the brilliant spark, till it rose to the dazzling flame, which, at present, throws around him so enviable a lustre!

" The grief those affectionate sons felt for the irreparable loss they had sustained, was profound; particularly in the younger; who, from the first intelligence he had received of his father's danger, labored under an oppression of heart, which seeming daily to gain on his formerly gay and sprightly temper, induced his mother to promote the plan of his visiting, with his brother, the Turkish empire, in the hope, that change of

scene would produce a beneficial effect on him. Her hopes were realized; and they pursued together their improving inquiries through Constantinople; till a war, kindled by that people on the frontier of Poland, summoned them from that country to the defence of their own. In all republics patriotism is the leading virtue; and the two brothers hesitated not an instant to obey its dictates.

"They reached their native country just as the news arrived of the ignominious flight of the Polish army at Pilawiez. Their mother, in whose veins flowed the pure current which had warmed the hearts of so many heroes, exclaimed, ere she opened her arms to press them to her bosom, 'My sons, come you to avenge your country? Retrieve the Polish name from the disgrace thrown on it by the deserters at Pilawiez, or I renounce ye for ever.'

"Fatal was the command to this unhappy mother! Her elder hope—her best loved son, in the bloom of his youth—at his first entrance on his career of glory, fell a victim to the early honor which warmed his breast!

"He was taken prisoner, with three hundred Polish nobles, and, covered with wounds, led before the Cham of Tartary; who, regardless of the law of nations, which protects captives of war, ordered all to be beheaded, and their bodies disgracefully exposed a prey to vultures!*"

The shuddering Sabina, struck with horror at the fate of one whom she had so justly esteemed, for his many amiable qualities and excellent heart, exclaimed, 'Oh, worthy Olesko!—Yet wert thou in death, united to thy Sidney! Ad-

* This was really the fate of Sobieski's elder brother.

mirable—regretted pair!'—(Bitter tears wetted the manuscript, as she proceeded in the perusal.)

"The great soul of his mother, Theophila Zolkiewska, bent beneath this sad stroke; which she felt still more severely, from being deprived of the melancholy satisfaction of in-urning the sacred ashes of her lamented son, among the honored remains of her ancestors.

"Sobieski was prevented, by a severe wound, which he had received in single combat, from being with his brother at this unfortunate defeat; an event he never ceased to deplore.

"This was the second duel the impetuosity of his temper had hurried him into; but the first use he made of his recovery, was hastening to appease the manes of a brother so beloved, by punishing his murderers.

"It was now that opportunities began to open to this aspiring youth, for the

display of that personal excellence, those unequalled talents, and that genuine love of fame, which will ever be found to burn with the greatest strength and brightness, in the noblest and most exalted souls! Hitherto, all that had been observed in him, was an impetuous ardour, which made him insensible to danger; and an insatiable desire of acquiring military knowledge, which often carried him where duty did not require his presence.

"He succeeded his father in the Starosty of Javarow, in the palatinate of Russia; and now appeared in the army at the head of a select troop. In the command of them, he shewed that nature had given him, with all the courage of the soldier, what is much more uncommon, that happy quickness of discernment which indicates the General!

"A singular event soon evinced the

powerful interest he had acquired in the esteem of the army. The Polish troops had mutinied, in the camp of Zborow, a city of Little Poland, upon the borders of Podolia; persuasion, menaces, and even the cannon, of the Lithuanian forces, were made use of in vain, to reduce them to order, by the General Czarneski. The attempt was given up as hopeless; when Sobieski entreated to be employed, in restoring them to obedience. The temerity of this extraordinary youth astonished the veteran officers; but it was fully justified by the success with which it was attended.

" 'Those who have never seen Sobieski,' said a brave soldier to me, who was a witness of the whole affair, 'can form no idea of that dignified and warlike air, so impressive to the soldiery, with which he undauntedly advanced in front of the rebelling troops! who

were daringly drawn out to resist the commands of their General, and to oppose force by force.'

"When first he addressed them, his eyes sparkled with indignation! A stern majesty sat on his brow! and his action, though graceful, was haughtily imposing! His voice, full, distinct, and elevated to a tone irresistibly commanding, seemed like the mighty thunder, to fix in awful silence the clamourous multitude! and to communicate, with the suddenness of an electric shock, a fearful respect throughout the before outraging mutineers!

"Taking advantage of that wonderful ascendancy, which at so early an age, and in so short a period, he had acquired over the minds of the soldiery; from whom he had extorted the mute attention he required; he gradually relaxed somewhat from his loftiness, and, addressing himself in animated and forcible

language to their reason, he detailed, with perspicuity, which carried immediate conviction with it, the duties they owed their King and Country; the baseness of deserting those duties, by an inglorious flight; and the ignominy which such dastardly conduct would entail upon their children! Then, with inspiring fire and vivacity, he imparted to them a portion of that ardour for glory which glowed in his own bosom, and breathed over his whole person a sublime and fascinating spirit! Gradually he dropped the language of censure, and assuming that of friendship—his eloquence became gently persuasive. In mild and polished accents, he besought them to save themselves from the reproaches of their consciences, and the contempt of all those dear to them, by instantly returning to their duty. Low murmurs shewed that his all-powerful rhetoric, and his melting voice, had made their

way to the hearts of his auditors; and subdued the ferocity which had roused in them the rebellious humour, that threatened destruction to the General's well-concerted plans. Sobieski, pursuing the advantage he saw he had obtained, continued to work upon their feelings, till he had brought them to so due a sense of the enormity of their offence, that they unanimously, and at the same moment, laid down their arms, and threw themselves upon the mercy of their commander! who, at the instance of the youthful orator, granted them a free and generous pardon."

Sabina, who had herself witnessed with admiration the wonderful effect his eloquence, had, for a time, produced on the furious populace of Ville-Franche; during the perusal of this description, again beheld him, in her "mind's eye," such as he had then appeared to her! His countenance!—his voice!—his at-

titude!—were there, powerfully as ever, revived!—and, for some minutes, she covered, with the manuscript, her eyes, as if to intercept the view of some *real* object, which actually stood before her. By degrees the strong delusion dissolved; and she continued to read.

"The army now advanced towards the enemy, with that unanimity of sentiment, which is a sure presage of victory! The battle lasted several days; during which, the enemy were so discouraged by the valour of the Poles, that Chmilienski made overtures of peace, which were accepted. Sobieski, as a high mark of honor, for the service he had done, was made standard-bearer of the crown.*

"But Poland was not destined long

* An officer of the court and the army, who carried the banner of the republic in the pospolite; and at the coronations and funerals of the Kings of Poland.

to enjoy the blessings of peace; and Sobieski was again soon called upon to display that union of valour and prudence, which gives the promise of a great commander. A new enemy appeared against the republic in Charles Gustavus. Elated with his unexpected elevation to the throne of Sweden, by the abdication of Christina, he was ambitious of celebrating it by the conquest of Mazovia, and a great part of Poland; from whence he transferred the seat of war into Prussia. These movements induced Cassimir to seek an asylum in Lithuania; where he had the address to seduce the Tartars from their attachment to the interests of Muscovy, and then conferred the command of them on Sobieski.

"At their head, this wonderful man marched to meet Gustavus, (who was advancing out of Prussia,) and contriving to block him up between the Vis-

tula and Sanns, cut off his supply of provisions.

"On Sobieski's receiving intelligence that Douglas, the Swedish General, was advancing to the relief of the King, he left his infantry to continue the blockade, and marched the cavalry to meet the Swedes, swimming across the Pilcza, a river much swelled by the melting of the snow, with that celerity, which Cæsar considered the first qualification of a General. By these means he surprised Douglas, and defeated him; pursuing his army within eight miles of Warsaw.

"Unfortunately, some other bodies of the Polish army, did not perform their duty so well as that which marched under Sobieski. It was besides necessary to make another division, in order to oppose the Prince of Transylvania, who advanced, in concert with Sweden, actuated by the design of depriving Cas-

simir of the crown. Surrounded by so many enemies, some indiscreet movements were made by the Poles, of which Charles Gustavus took advantage; and having disengaged himself from the dangerous situation in which Sobieski had placed him, advanced towards Warsaw. A general action followed, which lasted three days. The utmost efforts of valour and skill were exerted on both sides, and a torrent of blood was spilt; but at length victory declared in favor of Charles Gustavus. Yet it was purchased at a dear price!—Never had the Tartars before fought with so much order and firmness!—Accustomed to continual rapine; impatient of discipline, and always ready to fly when they met resistance, they, under the command of Sobieski, found themselves changed to other men; and though in the vicissitudes of future events, his valour afterwards was turned against them, they

always remembered, with a mixture of admiration and respect, the great exploits they had seen him perform; and acknowledged that he had first taught them, that glory may be acquired, even when a battle is lost!

"The republic, then in alliance with the Crim Tartars, had still two formidable enemies with which to contend, the Muscovites and Cossacks. It was to the excellent and judicious conduct of Sobieski, who had lived among the Tartars as an hostage, that was principally owing the advantage his country derived from their friendship. An ordinary man, residing in such a capacity, among a barbarous people, would turn his thoughts wholly to the happy moment of restoration to his domestic pleasures; but Sobieski's liberal mind was magnanimously employed, under these circumstances, in laboring for the interests of his country! The Tartars,

whom he had before taught to admire his behaviour in battle, already esteemed him; and for this reason, did they fix their choice on him preferably to any other hostage. The partiality with which he had, during his abode there, inspired the new Cham, was of singular advantage to Poland. On this occasion, an alliance was, through him, concluded; and the combined armies attacked the Muscovites, sometimes by secret ambuscades, sometimes in the open field; and the success of the contending parties, was, for a time, nearly equal.

"At length, Cassimir, who commanded in person, was earnest to bring on a decisive action; which the Muscovites as industriously delayed, with a view of giving Chmilienski and his Cossacks, then on their march towards them, time to join their army. It was of the utmost consequence to the Poles to prevent

this junction; and they looked around them for a man with abilities capable of executing it. Sobieski was the one chosen; and he was detached to accomplish this great object, with a body much inferior to that of the Cossacks. He attacked them in the moment of their arrival at Slobodyszee, in the Ukraine; and obtained over them a victory so complete, that their General was taken prisoner, loaded with chains as a rebel, and thus conducted to the feet of Cassimir.

"Such was the effect the report of this victory produced in intimidating the Muscovites, that they surrendered their arms almost without fighting.

"But Herculean would be the attempt to follow Sobieski through all his glorious exploits! They will cause his name to be handed down, as the soul of battle, to the latest posterity, and shed a bright illumination round him!

May its rays be reflected on the dear object of my Sabina's cares; and light that lovely boy to share in his father's glory!"

'Heaven prosper the benevolent wish!' ejaculated the tender parent, "may he restore to her child all the happiness, of which he robbed his unfortunate mother!'

"Fortune seemed to take delight in removing, by a succession of propitious events, every obstacle which could retard Sobieski's progress to the highest honors! Lubomirski, by taking up arms against the King, opened to him the dignity of Grand Marshal; and the death of Czarneski soon after, conferred on him that of petty General. One step more rendered him the first person in the republic. On the death of the Grand General Potoski, the fortunate Sobieski succeeded to his staff!

"In this new rank did he distinguish

himself as greatly, by the nobleness and generosity of his mind, as he had hitherto done by his valour and military talents!

"The power of Grand General is limited only by his will. This arbitrary authority enabled that officer to oppress, or favor, whom he pleased, in his choice of winter quarters. Sobieski, on assuming the command, nobly renounced this privilege; thereby depriving his successors of the power of exercising, in this instance, tyranny!

"Soon after the victory which Sobieski had gained over Doroscensko, the new Cossack General, Cassimir, abdicated his throne; and, after much contention between the parties of the rival candidates, the crown was placed on the head of him who sought it not—Michael Wiesnowieski, a man devoid of abilities, and weak in mind, more wanting of a governor himself, than capable of governing others. Poland would now

have been subjected to ravage and desolation, had not Sobieski, with the power of Atlas, supported its tottering weight! The Cossacks renewed the war with redoubled fury; and though their leader was the same, Doroscensko, whom Sobieski had already defeated, yet was he inflexible in refusing all those overtures of peace, which the state of Poland made so necessary to it; and again was it forced into a war, which terminated favorably to the republic, and added fresh laurels to those already won by Sobieski.

"The weak-minded Michael contemplated them with envy; and, prompted by that despicable passion, on Sobieski's opposing a plan, obstinately persisted in by himself, which that hero considered as inimical to the safety of the state, he set a price upon his head as a rebel. The army, indignant at this insult offered to their General, on hearing it,

sent forth shouts of resentment; and laying their sabres at his feet, in the form of crosses, swore to defend and avenge their beloved commander.

" 'I am grateful for your protestations of affection to my person,' nobly returned the high-souled Sobieski, in that true and lofty spirit of eloquence, which real patriotism inspires; 'fulfil them, by allowing me to turn your arms, not against *my* enemies, but against those of the republic; and remember, they serve me most, who best serve my country!'

" Thus the man who had unjustly been condemned to death, displayed his unequalled greatness, by leading to the defence of his stern judge his obedient troops!

" His first conquest was over the troops of the Sultan Muradin. He next defeated that Prince's brother, Galga, and pursuing the flying Sultans into the very

arms of their father, the Cham, a bloody action took place at the foot of the Crapack mountains. The subdued Cham left fifteen thousand of his men dead on the field of battle, with all his booty. Sobieski's valour found an immediate reward in the glorious power it gave him, of restoring to their wives, their children, and their homes, thirty thousand Polish prisoners, who never expected to have seen them more! In speechless gratitude they fell prostrate at the feet of their deliverer; who solemnly directed their adoration to a still higher power, by prostrating himself before the Supreme Disposer of all events!"

'Bless him, Heaven!' cried Sabina, 'for that incomparable act!—and, for its sake, forgive him, as I do, the wrongs I have received at his hands!—Oh, noble, sublime Sobieski!—worthy the crown thou wearest!—What am *I?*—

that I should put *myself* in competition with the thousands thou hast rendered happy?" It was with a bosom glowing with enthusiasm that she resumed the narrative.

"Poland, though now delivered from the Tartars, was not freed from the Turks; and the exertion of all the valour, talents, and courage, of that glory to the Polish name, could not save his country from being forced by Michael, into a disgraceful peace with that power. Sobieski shed tears of shame over this humiliating act; and the first use he made of his restoration to the King's favor, was vehemently to declaim in the diet, against this ignominious treaty, proposing that the senate should declare it void. But even those who most disapproved this infamous negociation, were terrified at the prospect of renewing the war with a power, who had so lately crushed them; while they saw

themselves with a diminished army, and an exhausted treasury.

"These arguments seemed to admit of no reply; and Sobieski found it necessary to call forth all that strength of genius, which subdues multitudes to controvert them. The clear and vigorous fire, however, of the Polish Demosthenes, brightening as it burnt, caught the senate, and the equestrian order!—The treaty of Boudehaz was declared void;—the peace broken;—and war rekindled! Warmed by that noble glow of eloquence, which dignified his reasonings, they already saw, in imagination, the dreaded Mahomet humbled beneath the sword of the Grand General!

"A universal burst of applause was followed by the most flattering commendations—the most energetic compliments! Some senators exclaiming, in the ardour of their admiration, that the Greeks would have taken Sobieski

for the god Apollo, whose oracles disclosed futurity! Others, reviving the doctrine of Pythagoras, insisted that the souls of all the ancient heroes had been united into one, and passed into Sobieski's body!*

"Notwithstanding this tribute to the Grand General's merit, he had scarcely commenced his march towards the Niester, than he discovered a disaffection among the officers, which threatened to render the difficulties, ever attendant on enterprises of such magnitude, insurmountable. Loud complaints of the ruggedness of the roads, the frosts of

* The Poles, in their praises and professions, have always something of the swelling style of the Asiatics! This will not only account for the inflated language addressed, on this occasion, to Sobieski, which is strictly historical; but will excuse the Author, if she has made him as a lover, at times, express himself somewhat above what may be deemed the usual standard.

approaching winter, the swelled rivers they were to cross, the immense forests they must traverse, the superior armies to be attacked, and the sickness and famine they might encounter, continually rung in the ears of the Grand General; and filled him with grief and indignation at the idea of Poland being conquered, before it had fought! Again he had recourse to that eloquence, which made all opinions his own!—and again prevailing, it smoothed the difficulties which impeded their reaching Choczin!

"It was at this very place, that, fifty years before, Sobieski's father had performed such great exploits. Still greater were those the son was now preparing to execute! who, confident of glory, dared immortal deeds; when, in want of necessaries, he opposed with fifty thousand men, a body of eighty thousand, well supplied with every thing! Accustomed to a severe climate, and

encouraged by the example of their General, who refused to use a tent, notwithstanding a heavy fall of snow, the Poles bore the inclemency of the weather, with a resolution which the Turks were unequal to imitate; they retired to recruit their exhausted frames, and gave Sobieski the opportunity for which he had been waiting.

"Immediately dismounting his own regiment of dragoons, he put himself at their head, and marched up to the Turkish entrenchments, where he was a considerable time exposed to the enemy's fire; but at length he gained the parapet.

"The infantry seeing his danger, and trembling for a life so valuable, rushed impetuously on the right and left, to sustain him; and forcing the first posts upon each other, turned their own cannon against them. Sobieski fought some hours on foot, before he could be

supplied with a horse, or the rest of the cavalry could make their way through the entrenchment. Woe be to the General, who cannot, upon occasion, act the soldier! The incomparable Sobieski could! Equally distinguished in conduct as in courage, he was to be found wherever danger or default appeared, like the god of battle, supporting with his strength, and animating with his spirit, his weakened or sinking troops! At length the Turkish army was completely routed; and destruction was multiplied in all its various forms of horror!—From scenes like these, I gladly turn to the opening exaltation of the subject of my pen.

"During this expedition, news had arrived of the death of the King; which obliged Sobieski, much against his inclination, to take the road to Poland, instead of prosecuting his plans. He arrived there, covered with glory; and

having received the congratulations of all the orders of the state, for even the most distant palatines sent deputies to the deliverer of his country, he retired from the intrigues carrying on in Warsaw for obtaining the crown, and fixed his winter residence at Leopol; where, by restraining the incursions of the Tartars and Cossacks, he considered himself as more effectually serving his country, than by mixing in the cabals of the election.

"The diet of convocation* was summoned to meet on the 15th of January; but the universal desire that Sobieski should be present at it, caused it to be postponed. The Grand General, wholly taken up with the enemy, at first absolutely refused to gratify their earnest wishes: their repeated instances, however, at last drew him thither.

* Which preceded the election.

"It was his first appearance, before the assembly of the estates, since the victory of Choczin; and he was received with a pomp, which greatly astonished those foreigners present, who were unaccustomed, in their own countries, to see their Generals rewarded with the honors of the triumph.

"Two candidates contended for the crown, the Prince of Newburg, and Charles of Lorraine. Sobieski, on his arrival, proposed a third competitor, in the person of the Prince de Condé, and enforced his recommendation with that rich vein of oratory, for which he is so celebrated.

"He represented that the present situation of the republic, now that it was on the eve of again being attacked by the whole Ottoman power, wanted for its King a warrior of tried abilities, whose name alone would be an omen of victory; that this hero would not be

found in the Prince of Newburg, who had not even paid his addresses to the goddess of war; nor in Prince Charles, who, though he had *courted*, had never been honored with her smiles; but their deficiencies would be amply supplied by the Prince de Condé, who would be to Poland a tower of strength!

"The merits of the different candidates were now brought into discussion.

"The Prince of Lixen, a partial friend of Charles, with that truth, which supplies the place of more flowery oratory, obtained attention to the following address:—

"'Fortune presents us, in Charles of Lorraine, a Prince of a different stamp from the Prince of Newburg: sprang from a modest nation, and endued with that virtue himself; fierce and haughty no where but at the head of his army; in the flower of his age—of a prepossessing countenance—an heroic figure—

strength of body—vigour of mind, with the reputation of being humane; of application to business, and talents for war, of which he has given ample proofs in Hungary; all these united, promise us a long and happy reign! The few Lorrainers whom he brings with him, will be satisfied at finding themselves on an equality with the Poles. Unsupported by any cabal, without moving all Europe to promote his greatness, Charles wishes to owe the sceptre to our suffrages only.'

"Then rose the Palatine of Russia, Stanislas Jablonowski:—

"'If in our choice of a King,' said he, 'we were to be determined by *appearances* only, it would be nearly equal, whether we chose the Princes of Lorraine, or Newburg! Both of whom have *blossoms* to shew, but it is *fruit* we want! and upon this principle,

I would give my suffrage to the great Condé! were it not, that fruit which is too ripe, is on the point of decaying.

"'Sobieski, in proposing him, considers only his heroic qualities; *I* attend to his age, his infirmities, and the habits he has formed. He is accustomed to another climate, to another system of war! to other customs, other manners, and other laws! He is unacquainted with either our language, or our principles of liberty! It is too late for him, under grey hairs, to acquire a new body, and a new soul; his life will be worn out, before he has made himself master of that knowledge, which he must necessarily have, in order to govern us well. Once more be it observed, that the Grand General considers only that blaze of *glory* which gilds over the ruins of this hero!

"'My countrymen! is Sobieski's

forgetting *himself*, a reason for *our* following his example?—Behold him in person before you!

"'Equally distant from the heat of youthful passions, and the cold of decrepid age, when all the talents display themselves in full lustre! Were the throne even to be given to the advantages of figure, who would dare dispute it with him?* He was born in the same country, and educated in the same principles and sentiments with yourselves. You have often profited by his superior abilities in the senate, and the diet; and have repeatedly been led to victory under his auspices! He, who

* Sobieski was of a tall and graceful person; a finely formed face, regular features, an aquiline nose, eyes full of fire, with a frank and open countenance. He possessed, in an eminent degree, from nature, that majesty with which courtiers compliment every sovereign.—Vide Abbé Coyer.

has so long *supported* the crown of Poland, will best know how to *wear* it! By searching for a King among foreigners, do you mean to have it said, that Poland produces no heroes of its own? —Let us not so much abase ourselves in the eyes of the world! Rather let us evince the soundness of our judgments, and the gratitude of our hearts, by making choice of *him*, on whom the welfare of our country depends.—That warrior! who wears the *gown*, and wields the *sword*, with equal grace and dignity!—twisting the laurel with the fasces! and uniting the abilities of the General, with the wisdom of the Senator!—The interests of the republic call Sobieski to its throne!—Confirm its safety, my countrymen, by obeying its dictates!'

"Scarcely had Jablonowski ceased speaking, when the deputies of the five Palatinates, the Castellans, and the No-

bles, shouted 'Sobieski for ever!—We will all perish together, or have Sobieski for our King!' The whole nation immediately echoed this enthusiastic exclamation; and the burst of universal joy which followed, proclaimed the election to be made with the concurrent approbation, and uncorrupted applause, of the lovers of liberty and virtue!

"Faint and languid must be the pleasure a King experiences, who mounts the throne by right of blood, compared to that which delightfully agitates the bosom of a sovereign, exalted to this eminence by the love and esteem of a free people!

"On receiving this noble proof that he already reigned in the hearts of his countrymen, Sobieski's fine figure, naturally of imperial mould, towered in proud exultation! while his sparkling eyes, beaming with that sublime degree of gratitude, which a great soul feels

for even a *deserved* favor, gave to the enchanting rhetoric of his elated feelings inimitable beauty, grace, and majesty!—and in the eyes of the discerning public, added lustre to the brilliant honor they had just conferred.

"A new life, a new spirit, breathed in every patriot bosom, as with acclamations which rent the skies, they conducted the hero, whose virtues were henceforth to give peace, happiness, and dignity, to the republic, to the great church of St. John!

"The magnificence of the spectacle graced the auspicious choice which hallowed the day! The *Glory!* of that day, was escorted from the field of election by nearly one hundred thousand nobles, finely mounted, (who are ever ambitious to appear at this august ceremony with costly pomp,*) the grandees, in

* They would sooner reduce themselves to the

all the dazzling lustre of Asiatic splendor, the senate, in their habits of ceremony, the equestrian order, in superb armour, the army, and the people, amidst the roar of cannon, and the joyful transports of an assembled nation, to return thanks to God, at the altar of St. John, for having directed their choice of a ruler to one so worthy to be styled their friend, their father, their defender, and their King! This ceremony ended with a prayer, that joy may long crown his hours, glory his head, and peace his reign."

Contradictory were the feelings which now assailed the torn mind of Sabina, from the struggle between that noble love of virtue, which delights in seeing it rewarded, and the sad recollections revived by the heart-piercing similarity

lowest poverty, than not display their pomp upon this occasion.—Vide Abbé Coyer.

of *this* scene, with the gay and splendid festival which first presented to her that being, destined to introduce into her guileless heart, the twin arrows of love and sorrow! After a pause, 'The father of *my* child!' she exclaimed—and with a smile, half pleasure—half agony, she re-commenced the detail of the unbounded honors conferred on the boundless talents of her destroyer.

"To hereditary Kings, the coronation is a mere ceremony, which adds nothing to the authority they derive from their birth; but to the elective Princes of Poland, it is a solemn and necessary act, that puts them in possession of the exercise of sovereign power, which, till after the performance of that solemnity, remains in the hands of the primate. The newly-elected King dated his reign only from the day on which he was crowned; and merely signed himself King *elect*.

"Notwithstanding the many disadvantages attending the postponement of the coronation, Sobieski, contented with having *deserved* the crown, was in more haste to avenge his country than to reign over it; and positively declining to await the sacred ceremony of inauguration, departed to prosecute, in person, the war against those constant enemies of the state, the Turks.

"The republic repaid this act of generosity by one equally acceptable;* waving the established law in his favor, it authorized him to assume the reins of government, and to date his sovereignty from the day of his election!

"After employing eighteen months in various battles, any one of which might have claimed the triumphant laurels of immortal fame, Sobieski yielded to the impatient wishes of his capi-

* Historical.

tal, once more to enjoy the presence of a King, whose services, during his absence, had enriched the annals of the republic, and rendered him, if possible, still more worthy of the crown the nation had, with so much honor to itself, bestowed on him!"

At this moment, a gentle tap at Sabina's door, made her hastily deposit the manuscript in her drawer. It was father Theodore; who, approaching her with more than his wonted kindness, said, 'My beloved child, I have a very painful duty to discharge; assist me, I conjure you, in the performance of it.'

'In what way can I, my dear father?' asked Sabina earnestly.

'By summoning all your fortitude,' replied he, 'in perusing this letter. It was entrusted to me some years since by the Marquis, with a strict injunction, if you survived him, and I had ever reason to apprehend your soon

quitting this world, that I would deliver it to you. It was the wish nearest his heart, that you should not die unacquainted with its contents; of which I am myself ignorant.'

Sabina received it of the holy man, in a manner, that evinced the affectionate respect with which her heart was filled, for the memory of the excellent deceased. She could not immediately break the seal; when she did, at last, collect sufficient resolution, the following impressive address presented itself to her:—

LETTER.

'Should you not survive the writer of these lines, sweet and beloved Sabina, you will quit this world, doubtful of his honor and integrity!—Afflicting idea!

'He once gave you a solemn promise

to execute, if possible, a project for your happiness!—That project remains unexecuted!—but from no failure on his part.

'During his life, he has rather chosen to endure the severe pain of believing you have attributed to him the disappointment of your hopes, than that you should be aware you owe it solely to a cause, which must inflict tenfold sorrow on yourself.

'Thus far has his tenderness for you actuated him. He has been encouraged also by the knowledge, that he still possessed the power of exculpating himself in your eyes.

'But when death has deprived him of that power, were he not to leave behind him this transcript of his conduct, you, whom he so sincerely loves, must ever consider it with suspicion, too injurious to his memory, for him to support the thought!

'Yet learn, Sabina! that tenderly as he has loved *you*, an attachment, the most enthusiastic, once subsisted between him and an unfortunate object, not less fascinating to his then young heart, than you have proved to his maturer judgment! The cruel tyranny of her relatives tore her from him; and, reckless of her happiness, by forcing her into the arms of one who possessed not her affection, they ensured her misery! It was with frantic despair he learnt this afflicting event; and too late did her ill-judging friends repent their conduct. The sweet sufferer, thus snatched from the object of her innocent love, and subjected to the alternate fits of ill-humour, or passionate endearments, of him she hated, sunk an early victim to the grave—and left, on her lover's mind, an impression of grief and regret the most profound.

'From that period, till the one he

first saw you, he had sedulously shunned your whole sex; devoting himself entirely to the profession of arms. In you, *her* treasured image appeared to his delighted fancy again revived!—and he dared indulge the hope * * * * * * * * * *

'It was the deep horror thus early inspired for compulsitory marriages, that actuated my conduct towards yourself, on my return to the Chateau de Briscacier:—for so young were you—so short had been our acquaintance previous to the fatal ceremony, that I felt it impossible I could have been the object of your choice; and I resolved to spare myself the torture of knowing, that I had been instrumental in affixing misery on a second interesting being: since, however different the *cause*, the effect would have been similar.

The name and condition of my envied rival, were, by a singular chance, dis-

covered to me; and I at the same time learnt, that he was on his way to Poland, which was his country. To a friend, who was then in an official situation, residing at that court, and on whose discretion I could implicitly rely, I entrusted the plan I have since detailed to you; his well-known delicacy, pointing him out, as the fittest person I could have selected, to enter on a subject so nice, with your lover:—but before my instructions reached my friend, that lover, who had found, on his arrival, his father already dead, was, with his brother, gone to Constantinople.—Thus, for a time, were my eager wishes postponed!—The letter I received on the evening prior to my first quitting the Chateau de Montresor, conveyed to me this intelligence. Still was I not discouraged;—a few months delay, was all I then had to regret.

'Ere the return of my rival, my friend was, for a short time, recalled from Poland; and, on resuming his station there, found that *he*, whom, for my sake, he was so desirous of encountering, had passed a short time, during his absence, in Warsaw, and was then gone, as a voluntary hostage for *his* country, to that of the Tartars!—Thus were our views a second time frustrated.

'Judge, dearest Sabina, with what feelings I afterwards learnt, that, on his revisiting his country, an obstacle opposed my hopes, of which I little dreamed! That man, whose fate I so greatly envied, in being loved by you, was on the point of marriage with another!'

Sabina meekly raising her hands and eyes towards Heaven, remained, for some time, in speechless agitation;—then, in a voice, tremulous from emotion, she said, 'It has pleased *Thee*,

that I should drink, even to the very dregs, my bitter cup of life!—Thy will be done.'

The Marquis's letter thus concluded:—

'In a case so little foreseen and delicate, my friend preserved silence towards him; and still ignorant of my designs in his favor, he pronounced those vows, which separated you for ever!

'Never could I resolve on informing you of an event, which I knew must so infinitely shock you—yet which could alone explain my seeming want of probity. Rather have I preferred evincing my genuine tenderness, by preserving, even at this price, the fatal secret. *

* * * * * * *

'Had it pleased Heaven to have conferred on me the power of constituting your happiness, mine would have been secured!—As it is, I feel consolation in

the reflection, that what I *could* do to ensure it, has been by me performed.

'May that lovely boy, whose birth has cost so many tears to his enchanting mother, amply compensate to her for all the sorrow she has suffered!—and, by his filial tenderness, teach her to live again in him!'

Sabina's grateful heart was deluged in tears by these touching proofs of delicacy and tenderness in him, whom she had so irreparably wronged; and she reflected, with the keenest regret, on the cruelty with which she had disappointed those hopes, he said, he had, on their early acquaintance, dared to form, of happiness, connected with herself.

From these reflections, mingled with others, of a not less lascerating nature, she was roused by Sidney; and that sweet boy, in some measure, restored

his mother to comparative tranquillity, by his affectionate endearments, and innocent prattle. The consideration of how greatly the future prospects of this dear object of her love, must depend on *him*, with whose image was now connected a new, and most painful sensation, made her fold him to her heart, before his retiring for the night, with a passionate sorrow exceeding any she had ever before felt.

When alone, she again perused the Marquis's letter, pressed it eagerly to her lips, and then placing it in her bosom, she took from her drawer the manuscript, which was thus finished by the Prince.

"The same civil and military ceremony ushered in the day of coronation, which had distinguished that of election; the same tumultuous joy, the same wide-spreading transports, filled the vast vault of heaven: and the same

magnificence shone through all ranks of people! The grandeur of Asia was united to the elegance of Europe!—Slaves from Ethiopia, clothed in azure habits, richly adorned—youthful Polanders, superbly habited in robes of Tyrian dye—the whole army, newly drest, appearing to the greatest advantage—innumerable carriages, brilliantly decorated—men and horses contending with each other in splendour—the glitter of gold eclipsed by the dazzling lustre of jewels! Such was the procession, in the midst of which was seen the illustrious Sobieski, mounted on a Persian horse! A modest majesty had taken place of that proud exultation, which a conquered difficulty had spread over his features at the election; and dignity, wholly devoid of pride, marked his countenance and manners, as he proceeded to take possession of the crown, his high deserts had won. To a mind,

indeed, of so much sensibility as Sobieski's, the moral solemnity of the Polish form of inauguration, was but ill calculated to cherish presumption; since it begins with an awful lesson on the instability of human greatness—of human felicity! by shewing, that the glittering throne rests on the brink of the murky grave! The funeral of the deceased King, forms a part of the ceremony of consecrating the new sovereign.* By a singular chance, there happened, on this occasion, to be two; and the same hearse carried to their graves, the abdicated Cassimir, who had lately died in France, and the unlamented Michael!

"As a further check to the arrogance too often inspired by new-felt supremacy, by the custom of the Poles, the sacred remains of deceased royalty, are no

* Whose body remains unburied till that time. —*Coyer.*

sooner laid in their tombs, than a herald on horseback, armed from head to foot, enters at the great door of the Cathedral, and breaks against the shrine a sceptre!—Five others, following, destroy, in like maner, a crown, a globe, a scimitar, a javelin, and a lance!—the cannon, trumpets, and kettle-drums, playing during this remarkable and impressive ceremony. When it had, in the present instance, been complied with, Sobieski ascended the throne—and the Primate placed on his head the royal diadem!"

Sabina, in whom the awful prelude to this solemnity had wholly extinguished the momentary exultation, which her generous soul had felt at his regal elevation, folding up the manuscript, repeated, in a tone of mournful sweetness:—

——————— "Within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a King,

Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath—a little scene
To monarchize—be fear'd—and kill with looks:
———— and humour'd thus,
Comes at last, and with a little pin,
Bores thro' his castle wall—and farewell King!"

CHAP. III.

The next day, father Theodore was, at an early hour, with Sabina; in whom, the reflections of the night had nearly subdued those pangs, which had been awakened by the Marquis's letter.

After the most full and free confession to the holy man, of the errors of her life, he scrupled not to speak to her sorely-wounded soul, words of the most soothing comfort. "Return thanks, my child," said he, with impressive solemnity, "to that beneficent Being! who has, by the affliction with which he has chastened thee, recalled thee wholly to himself.—Trust me, thy sins are forgiven thee; and in another, and a

better world, thou wilt reap the reward of thy sincere and patient penitence."

The consoling hope, thus kindled in the gentle bosom of Sabina, diffused over her mind serenity and peace. On Prince Charles joining them, she explained to these friends her wishes with regard to Sidney; and that morning, the proper measures were taken to restore to the nephew of the Marquis de Briscacier, as his just heir, the title and estates of that family; to which, all claim, on the part of Sidney, was renounced for ever.

The estate De Montresor, though greatly encumbered, was still her own gift. This she properly secured to her son; and these exertions, far from fatiguing the anxious mother, appeared to have removed from her heart the last vestige of earthly care; and she most agreeably surprised her friends, by passing the whole day with them.

That expression of incurable sorrow which had so long dwelt on her lovely features, had given place to a serenity, which delighted the affectionate beings by whom she was surrounded; and her sweet eyes, relieved from their usually heavy languor, once more beamed forth that mild lustre, which charmed, while it touched, the hearts of all.

During dinner, the air of cheerfulness with which she joined in their discourse, made them regard each other with revived hope; while Sidney, almost beside himself from joy, at a change so happy and unexpected, in the parent whom he idolized, could scarcely restrain his transports. They were raised to the highest pitch of exultation, when, after the cloth was removed, she said, "I feel, my dear friends, that breathing the free air of heaven, would revive me; and I think my strength will permit my reaching the rustic temple, from whence I

will indulge myself with a sight, which it is now ten years since I have dared behold!"

"What sight, my dearest child?" asked the Prince, tenderly, "surely you have visited that hallowed spot often, since your residence here."

The temple in question was situated on a knoll in the park, which commanded a prospect the most enchanting! To the west two huge rocks, which appeared rent asunder by some tremendous concussion of nature, formed, between their craggy sides, a kind of vista; through which was presented a view, whose loveliness nothing could exceed, when contrasted with the sublime mountains thus awfully separated! The Count de Montresor, enamoured of its attractions, had here raised the temple, which was formed of eight linden trees, planted by his hand, on the day which gave birth to Sabina—thus commemo-

rating his joy at that event! They were so placed as to form an exact octagon; and as they grew, and flourished, each trunk presented a rude pillar; while the branches interlacing, afforded an excellent canopy, and rendered it a delicious shelter from the noon-day's heat. There, had that truly-attached couple, passed some of the happiest hours of their lives; while the sportive cherub to whom it was dedicated, amused herself with the flowers which grew on its grassy carpet.

The old gardener, under the superintendance of father Theodore, had still preserved it in its originally simple beauty. The seats and table, formed of grotesque roots of trees, yet retained their pristine appearance:—no symptom of neglect, or abandonment, would have mournfully whispered to the stranger, that he who created and decorated this retreat, now mouldered in the tomb!

Sabina, supported in a light garden chair, and drawn by the pony of Sidney, while he, proudly walking by its side, held the reins, was, without much fatigue, conveyed to the hallowed temple.

The afternoon was lovely, the gentle zephyrs scarcely kissed the verdant foliage! the hum of bees—the chirping of the birds—the innumerable perfumes, exhaled from the plants and flowers which were flourishing around; all these charms united, diffused the most soothing pleasure over the susceptible heart and mind of the sweet invalid; which was reflected on her soft countenance, as seated within the inclosure, one delicate arm passed round the neck of her darling boy, she inhaled the heaven's breath.—He! of that happy age when hope is in its infancy, anticipated not an evil which might be yet at an immeasurable distance! The most beloved of mothers

was with him—was more cheerful—apparently more happy, than he had ever remembered her!—For the first time, for many months, she had gratified him with the delight of being her charioteer! His little steed, as if conscious of the honor conferred on him, had moved as gently, and obeyed as docilely, as his affectionate young master could have wished! What more was wanting to elevate his spirits, and encourage his interesting prattle?

"Ah! mamma," said he, holding between both of his the hand which hung over his shoulder, "if you will allow me to drive you hither every fine day, you would soon be quite well again; one wish only of your Sidney would then remain unobtained—and *that*, not for a very long time. With what joy I shall return to you from the journey I am to take with the Prince, to see that glory of his race—my father!

—When I come back, *that* one wish also will have been granted me—and I shall have so many things to tell you—and you will listen to them with so much interest!—Such, for instance, as how my father received me—what questions he asked me—for Prince Charles says he will certainly interrogate me minutely.—Sire, will I say, when I throw myself at his feet; and yet, perhaps, I shall not have courage to address him."

Prince Charles, who somewhat overcome at the first view of a spot, connected with many affecting remembrances, had strolled to a little distance to recover himself, now joining them, asked Sabina, "If she had never before visited this place, since her return to the chateau?"

"Frequently," she replied; "most of these flowers you see around, have been cultivated by my hands."

"I misunderstood you, then, my love," rejoined the Prince, "I thought you said, ten years had elapsed, since you had enjoyed the sight."

"*That* sight! my dearest friend," cried she, solemnly, and pointing to the declining sun; "the last time my eyes beheld that glorious spectacle, was in the pavilion of the Chateau de Brisçacier!—Never have I since presumed" ——gasping for breath, she stopped.

The Prince, trembling for the consequences of the agitation which shook her, and desirous of giving a sudden turn to her ideas, exclaimed, "Sabina! do I not here recognize an old acquaintance?" and, as he spoke, he laid his finger on the figure of a war-horse, rudely carved on one of the rustic stools. "Do you remember who was the sculptor of this noble animal? *You* were a party concerned in the performance, good father Theodore."

"Hah!" said the excellent man, "I do not recollect in what way."

"I will tell you," replied the Prince, "I, one day, a long while ago, found a little girl, whom I tenderly loved, spoiling a pair of the prettiest blue eyes in the world, by weeping bitterly at having offended you. It was long that I vainly endeavoured, by my rhetoric, to console her; but at last, I was so far fortunate as to prevail on her to accompany me hither. On this very spot, I succeeded in banishing the remembrance of her grief, by the astonishment I excited, at my *talents*, in executing this masterly performance!—Do you recollect, my sweet Sabina," asked he, "how sorrowfully, at first, you sat on my knee, and observed my progress; till, by degrees, as my work advanced, you became more and more interested; and at length, when the animal stood thus finished before you, in a transport of pleasure, clasping

your pretty arms round my neck, you gave me a hearty kiss?"

"*Do* I remember! my ever kind and affectionate friend," said the interesting being to whom he addressed this question; "*that* is but one instance of a thousand, which I have tenaciously treasured up, of your parental fondness towards me!"

"My dear mamma," said Sidney, "if it would not hurt you, I should like, this serene and charming evening, to sing you a song which Camilla, with the assistance of father Theodore, has taught me."

"I was not aware that either *you*, or our revered confessor, were singers!" said Sabina, faintly smiling.

"Father Theodore has only taught me the *words*," hastily interrupted Sidney; "it was Camilla from whom I learnt the *air*, and the reason I did not before tell *you* of it," continued he,

eagerly, "was, that she forbid my ever attempting it in your presence, if I did not wish to make you weep; and we have always taken good care to be out of your hearing, when she has given me a lesson."

"You possess, then, one talent, my child," said Sabina, tenderly drawing him closer to her bosom, with the arm which still rested on his shoulder, "of which I was ignorant!—Gratify me by displaying it."

Sidney, although his mother knew it not, for the reason he had just given her, was endowed with a voice of unrivalled sweetness. He began immediately to sing, to an air long familiar to her memory, these words :—

"On a day—Alak! the day;
Love whose month is ever May."

It was that same touching and simple melody, by which the Knight of the

Cavern had enraptured his auditors on the water party, a few days after the Marchioness's marriage ! So greatly had the Baroness and herself admired it, that they had many times called on him to repeat it, during his frequent visits to the chateau ; and Camilla, who had imbibed an early taste for music from the Countess, which Sabina had afterwards confirmed—in a distant apartment had listened to it with such pleasure, and so often, that she soon became mistress of the air. In the absence of her lady, she had made it her favorite lullaby to Sidney, during his infancy ; which had so endeared it to the boy, that as he grew older, he first, with her assistance, acquired the tune, and then, with that of father Theodore, the words.

As Sidney proceeded in those clear and exquisitely soft tones, almost peculiar to his tender age, the sun, which had, in all its spendid majesty, sunk

between the separated cliffs, now just reached the edge of the horizon, which bounded that landscape to which they formed a vista.

Sabina's eyes, spite of its dazzling brightness, were intently fixed on the retiring orb. By degrees it sank lower and lower—Sidney proceeded with his song.—Then the glorious body wholly disappeared, leaving behind it that bright glow, which marks for a while its track.

At this moment, as Sidney had repeated—

"Youth so apt to pluck a sweet"—

the cheek of Sabina gently reclined on his head.

Impressed with the recollection of how often those notes had lulled him to repose, and believing they had produced the same effect on his mother, in still lower tones, he concluded the air.

The Prince, who, with his back lean-

ing against the tree opposite them, had been contemplating for some time, with an almost indefinable awe, the angelic countenance of Sabina, now hastily approaching, took the hand which lay on her lap.—It was motionless!—He felt her heart—all pulsation there had ceased!—Yes! that sweet and patient spirit, which, with such unfeigned humility, had expiated her offence to Heaven—was now fled thither to receive its blessed—its eternal reward!

CHAP. IV.

We will draw a veil over the scene of deep distress which followed. The earthly remains of this fascinating and regretted victim were deposited near those of the Marquis; and so profound was the grief of Sidney, that Prince Charles was under the necessity of removing him, for a considerable time, from a habitation which nourished his heart-felt sorrow at a loss which he never ceased to deplore.

Time, change of scene, and objects at once novel and interesting, by slow degrees restored him to his former self; after which he passed the intervening period, between that of the loss of his

mother and the age of seventeen, alternately, with Father Theodore, at the Chateau de Montresor, and with Prince Charles, whenever that noble friend's military duties allowed him to dedicate his time to Sidney's improvement in that necessary branch of his education.

During this period, the Prince had, by the death of his uncle, Charles, the fourth Duke of Lorraine, succeeded to his title, and soon after espoused Eleonora, Queen-dowager of Poland, and sister to the Emperor. These events, however, did not weaken the interest and affection he felt for this fine youth; but on his completing his seventeenth year, he gave him a commission in one of the regiments under his command.

It was not long after Sidney was invested with it, that a favorable opportunity offered for enabling Charles to effect that design which lay so near his heart. It was inflicting on Sobieski the

deserved punishment of knowing all the wretchedness he had brought on the once-loved Sabina! and, taking advantage of his remorse, forcing him to provide for her child suitably to his own dignity. By these means he hoped to indemnify that child for the loss of the name and rank of which his mother's strict sense of justice had deprived him.

The occasion alluded to was presented by the intelligence he received that Leopold had appointed him general of the army which was to oppose the Ottoman forces, now arriving out of Asia and Africa, in the vast and fertile plains of Adrianople—their general place of rendezvous when they marched against the Christians. Boundless as the plain appeared, this immense host, composed of various nations, covered the face of it like a deluge, scarcely leaving an object in the vast horizon,

but the glittering images of war, and the canopy of heaven.

In order to be nearer the scene of action, and to give life to the expedition, Mahomet fixed himself, with all his court, in the adjoining city; and after reviewing his troops, in which were thirty-five Bashaws, and five sovereign Princes, he entrusted his glory to the fortune of his Vizir, Kura Mustapha—a man whose ostentatious pride and ambition, passions which governed him, were amply gratified by the high favor, and the unlimited command bestowed upon him in this enterprise.

The road to Vienna was laid open to the Turks by Tekeli, whom the unbending Leopold would not overcome by clemency, and could not subdue by force. He had lately received from Mahomet, a turban enriched with jewels, a standard, royal robes, and the title of King of Upper Hungary. To

inspire his followers with the same spirit of resentment which animated him against the oppression that had induced him to forsake Leopold, he took for the motto on his coin, '*Pro Deo, pro Patriâ, pro Libertate*;'—for God, my Country, and Liberty.

The Emperor, to strengthen himself against this mighty force, consisting of three hundred thousand men, solicited Sobieski to become his ally; and, in proof of the friendship he professed to that monarch, offered in marriage, to his son, Prince James, one of the Archduchesses, his daughters; an alliance which he had reason to think the King of Poland would highly approve.

Impatient as was Sidney to ascend the laurelled heights of fame, a dearer motive made him rejoice at this summons to its field—the filial hope of meeting there the illustrious author of his being!—at this thought his heart

beat high; and glowing with the ambition of pursuing the glorious course his sire had trod, he already, in idea, performed such deeds as best would prove himself that hero's son.

The command conferred on his patron promised to him the opportunities of distinguishing himself, for which his soul panted, since thirty-seven thousand men only were allowed the Duke of Lorraine to oppose a torrent of Infidels, whose approach, like an angry sea, threatened to overwhelm the empire. A less distinguished warrior than Charles would have shrunk from such a duty; but, undismayed by the smallness of his army, he gave an early lesson of military obedience to Sidney, by forbearing from all complaint at a force so incompetent to the task assigned him.

While the Vizir made, with some skill, a faint attack on Raab, he de-

tached fifty thousand soldiers towards Vienna: but the Duke divining this stratagem, in his turn, stole a march on him, and, in spite of a check he received at Petronel, contrived to reach the capital, and throw into that city a part of his infantry for the reinforcement of the garrison: then retired to the island of Leopoldstat, formed by the Danube on the north side of Vienna, before the Tartars arrived on the south.

These efforts, however, were not supported by Leopold, who, instead of seconding the brave exertions of his General, with his whole family, and many unworthy courtiers, forsook his capital, and fled to Passow.

The Vizir pitched his camp in a plain, enclosed by a circle of mountains on the southern side of the Danube: the different quarters of which were commanded by Bashaws, who displayed the magnificence of Kings; but all their

grandeur was eclipsed by the unequalled pomp of the Vizir, whose every sense was steeped in luxury.

Count Staremberg, the Governor of Vienna, a man of abilities and experience, had only eleven thousand soldiers, with which to defend that city; he was therefore under the necessity of arming the townsmen and the university: the scholars mounted guard, the physicians were entrusted with commands, and all unanimously opened their coffers to administer to the exigencies of the garrison.

The Duke, whose motive for taking post in the island of Leopoldstat, was the hope of preserving from thence a communication with Vienna, was obliged to yield it to the superior forces of the Turks; and the country seats with which it abounded, served as lodgments to the enemy.

Never was a General more desperately

situated than the Duke of Lorraine. The succour afforded the capital, by part of his forces, left him only thirty thousand men to defend Moravia, Silesia, and Bohemia, and to repel the perpetual attacks of Tekeli and the Bashaw of Agria.

He put in force every possible expedient that courage, prudent foresight, or prompt execution could devise, of marches, counter-marches, and stratagems of war. Whatever the weaker party can make use of against the stronger, were practised by the Duke in his various skirmishes with an army so infinitely more numerous than his own, and continually recruited with fresh supplies from the grand army.

But Lorraine, with all his capacity and valour, began to despair of much longer keeping the enemy within bounds till the arrival of the King of Poland, whose delay in joining the Emperor's troops was severely felt by

them, and so grievously alarmed Leopold, that, relaxing from the illiberal haughtiness which had induced him to refuse to Sobieski the title of King, he now addressed to him a most obsequious letter, in which the epithets of royalty were not spared, and from which the following is an extract:

* "We are convinced that, by reason of the vast distance of your army, it is absolutely impossible for it to come time enough to contribute to the preservation of a place which is in such eminent danger. It is therefore not your troops, *Sire*, that we expect, but your Majesty's own presence; being fully persuaded that if your royal person will vouchsafe to appear at the head of our forces, though less numerous than those of the enemy, your name alone, so justly dreaded by them, will render their defeat certain."

What a sacrifice of pride to neces-

* Historical.

sity!—what a humiliating confession of the superiority of *abilities* over rank did this abject letter evince! It must have cost the arrogant Leopold a pang, his after conduct to Sobieski shewed he could not forgive his having, though innocently, been the cause of his feeling.

Sobieski had been prevented from earlier appearing at the siege, by some unforeseen difficulties which had arisen in recruiting the Polish forces; and though his exertions greatly conquered them, the critical situation of the Emperor's affairs, and the confidence which Leopold reposed in him, determined that hero to take a step of equal danger to his life and liberty. He left his army to the care of his Grand General, Jablonowski, and set forward himself, resolved to give battle, unassisted by his own troops, if the preservation of Vienna required it. While other Kings, sur-

rounded by one army, have a second for their guard, the noble Sobieski, on this march, ventured through a country filled with the Ottoman forces, attended only by two thousand horse, and rejected all indulgences not enjoyed by the brave companions of his perilous journey; thus setting an example worthy to be followed by his descendant, Prince James, on whom he wished to impress the maxim, that whoever is animated with the glorious ambition of becoming a hero, must learn to share the common soldiers hardships, as well as dangers. Many and various were those which assailed the King of Poland on this march.

Before his arrival, all the Princes who had brought succours, advanced claims, which, if admitted, instead of saving the Emperor, would have completed his ruin. The Elector of Bavaria aspired to the command in chief; the Elector

of Saxony disputed it with him; and every Prince who furnished troops aimed at being independent. The division of the Greeks before Troy was revived upon this occasion, but Agamemnon appeared! and a general union was restored.*

On Sobieski's reaching the banks of the Danube, he immediately pressed forwards for Tuln, which is five leagues above Vienna; for at that place Leopold's letter had taught him to expect a considerable German force assembled, and properly appointed to act under him: his vexation, therefore, on finding only the Duke of Lorraine's little army, was so great, that he could not contain the displeasure which this disappointment roused.

"Does the Emperor take me for an adventurer? or presumes he to trifle

* Dupont.

with Sobieski?" he exclaimed, in great wrath, "I have left my own army in the full confidence of finding his awaiting my command, and I perceive merely a handful of men! Is it his cause or mine I am come hither to fight?"

What a moment for Sidney first to behold his father!—how sublimely terrible he appeared!—what glory even in the anger which blazed from his eagle-eye!—what fire, what majesty did indignation give to his every motion, his every expression of too just resentment! So awful was the admiration inspired in the bosom of his son by this scene, that the glowing expectation of pleasure which dilated it when first apprised of the King's approach, speedily gave place to a reverence which thrilled his soul with dread, and made him shrink from daring to claim alliance with one so every way exalted.

Agitated and awe-struck, he remained

motionless—speechless!—-his eyes rivetted on the author of *his* being—of all his mother's woes!—wishing to, yet incapable of retiring from his august presence!

In the meantime, Charles of Lorraine, whose prudence and mildness equalled the valour which adorned those admirable qualities, made no attempt to interrupt his royal ally, till he had vented much of the ire which shook his soul: when he *did* speak, he exerted, most effectually, that exqusite discretion with which he was so eminently gifted: he softened and reconciled the King to an evil which was now irremediable.

As the fine countenance of Sobieski bore testimony to the calming effect his judicious words produced, Sidney noted, with much emotion, the gradual smoothing of his angry brow! and as his stern looks relaxed into compla-

cency, the sweetness which mingled with and softened the majesty of his perfect features, taught his son to feel, that if he was created to be dreaded, he was not less so to be enthusiastically beloved. As this conviction took possession of his mind, his lively impatience again revived to be received and folded in the arms of a father! and this fond expectation stealing back to his heart, tinted his downy cheeks with the rich glow of hope, of joy, of new-born affection!

The Duke, who often during this scene turned his eyes on Sidney, and observed, with much sensibility, the changes of his countenance, assisted to reassure him, by an occasional smile of encouragement; and, as soon as it was ended, advanced towards him, accompanied by a Polish officer of elegant appearance, and evidently of high distinction. While the Prince was de-

siring the young soldier to order his men to fall into their ranks, the stranger earnestly fixed upon him a pair of mild benevolent eyes, which seemed to say, "My memory claims a dear acquaintance with those features."

This stranger was the gay, the amiable, the generous Sapieha, still possessing that native simplicity of heart, manly virtue, and serenity of temper which stole the affection and esteem of all who knew him at the court of France; and for whom the Duke felt all that respect, which the oft-expressed gratitude of the unfortunate Sabina, for his honorable conduct towards her in early life, could impress upon his mind. To number this Cavalier among the estimable friends, through whom Charles hoped to gild the life of his youthful ward, was among the dearest of his plans; this, however, was not the time to introduce him. He, therefore, in

answer to Sapieha's question, of "Who is that youth?" merely said, "He is an amiable orphan, whose fortunes I have made my care: he is known by the name of Leonce."

[The Duke, to guard against a premature discovery, had made Sidney, on receiving his commission, assume that appellation, by which he was from that time called.]

"He promises to do ample honor to your patronage," observed Sapieha.

"I firmly believe he will," answered the Duke; and stepping briskly forward, by joining the King, precluded all further questions.

The Polish army, notwithstanding its distance, to the astonishment of every one, arrived before the German; which so elated the King, that on Prince Lobomirski's remarking the extreme shabbiness of one of the battalions, Sobieski, turning to the spectators, said, with a

warmth which cheered their hearts, "Observe those brave fellows well; they form an invincible body, which has sworn never to wear other clothes than those it takes from the enemy: in the last war they were all clad in the Turkish fashion.*"

The pride and pleasure which flushed the countenances of these unadorned soldiers, gave earnest of their nobly fulfilling the promise their Sovereign had made in their names.

In order to reach Vienna by the shortest way, the army was obliged to cross a long chain of mountains, which separated Tuln from the besiegers; an undertaking which was attended with incredible difficulties: but stimulated by the genius, the example, and the indefatigable efforts of Sobieski, in three days they succeeded in passing this formidable barrier.

* Historical.

During more than half this period, the King was invisible to his Polish troops; who began to betray great anxiety at not seeing that hero, from whose blaze of glory their confidence, their courage, and their zeal, caught fire. They learnt, on his re-appearance, that he had been employed among the German soldiers, in endeavouring to kindle in their bosoms those warlike virtues which he had created and cherished in the hearts of his own.

An hour before sun-set, on the third day, the army reached the summit of the last mountain, called Calemberg; from the top of which they were presented with one of the finest, yet most dreadful prospects of human greatness, and human power.

It was an immense plain, with all the islands of the Danube covered with pavilions, whose magnificence seemed

calculated rather for an encampment of pleasure, than one of destruction!

The space that was enclosed by the tents which surrounded that of the favorite of the Grand Vizir, was alone as extensive as the city besieged. Here the lustre of the richest stuffs, gold, and jewels, seemed to contend for pre-eminence with the refulgent glare of arms! It was furnished with delightful gardens, with baths, and fountains of rose-water, brought from Fajhum. An immense number of scarce and curious animals were collected within the encampment for Kara Mustapha's amusement: while the sweet incense of Arabia burnt within his tent, and camels bent beneath the luxuries of distant realms, to supply his table! Such was the splendour which surrounded the Grand Vizir.

In other parts of the plain were seen innumerable multitudes of horses, ele-

phants, and buffaloes!—two hundred thousand men all in motion!—swarms of Tartars, dispersed along the foot of the mountain, in their usual confusion—the thundering cannon of the besiegers, which clothed in smoke the falling city, and alike hid its miseries from the eye of its destroyers and the avengers of its ruin, rendering them more dreadful to the imagination!

The besieged were immediately apprized, by signals, of the approach of the army to their relief. To be capable of sympathizing in the painful excess of joy experienced by the inhabitants on hearing the transporting sound, we must recal to mind the complicated wretchedness to which they were reduced. Many officers, of the first rank and merit, had fallen victims to the delay of the promised succours. Breaches of ten and twenty fathoms, were already made in the bastions. A mine was

rapidly advancing under the Emperor's palace, which was nearly laid flat by the bombs of the enemy. The artillery was no longer able to answer the heavy fire of their assaulters; some of the guns being dismounted, others having burst!

A dysentery, as destructive as the bombs and cannon, opened a yawning grave, whose mouth was never closed; sixty sufferers daily finding there a fatal termination of their miseries! Starem-berg himself, who in the beginning of the siege wrote to Lorraine, "I will not surrender, but with the last drop of my blood," was seized with this cruel distemper, and obliged to resign the command to Capliers: he now wrote to that Prince, "No time to lose, my lord; no time to lose."

Short-lived was the hope inspired by the signal guns of the Christians—its last beam died before the recurring re-

flection, on the vast inequality between the Turkish and Imperial forces; and again the unhappy citizens felt the appalling fear, that the only termination to their present miseries, would be seeing the fond partners of their bosoms, the sweet pledges of their loves, reeking on the javelin points of their merciless conquerors: and groaning out the wretched remnant of their own hapless days, under an ignominious slavery in a foreign land. Palsied by these enervating terrors, they no longer shared in the dread labours of the siege (the toils of which were doubled to the soldiery, in the hourly decrease of their numbers, by the three-edged sword of war, disease, and famine), but flew in crowds to the churches, to seek, in prayer, a refuge from the bombs and balls, which carried horror after them.

The cannon on both sides were the prelude to the important event of the

following day—a day which was to decide whether the Empire of the West should once more be re-united to the Empire of the East.

On the decisive morning, as soon as the first rays of light disclosed to the Christian army the war-shaken towers of Vienna, Sobieski, who had passed the night in arranging and writing the order of battle to be observed, commanded the whole army to begin the day by joining him in an act of humble devotion.

Grand and impressive was the effect of this pious and unanimous address to the Almighty Disposer of all events!—supplicating him to give them strength to oppose this cruel host of invaders, or fortitude to submit to his dispensation, though adverse to their cause.

This sublime ceremony ended, the army began to descend the mountain, preceded by their cannon. Close were

its ranks, as they moved on with firm and even pace, stopping at the intervals of thirty or forty steps to fire and re-load. Mingled elevation and fear was inspired by the solemnity and grandeur of its movements, amid the sound of martial music, and the pomp of ensigns, proudly floating in the air.

The front grew more wide and deep, as they issued from the defiles of the mountain; and presently were displayed to the alarmed Cham, the lances of the Polish horse-guards, adorned with streamers! At this sight, an agitated hum ran through the Turkish camp, which told to the equally dismayed Vizir, that the glory of Poland! the all-conquering Sobieski! was approaching, armed in the terrors of his unequalled fame!*

* When a King of Poland is at the head of his army, a lance, adorned with a horse's tail, called

To check, by activity, the spreading panic which his dreaded name inspired, immediate orders were given for the Turkish troops marching to meet him, ere he had completed his descent from the hill.

When the two armies arrived in front of each other, they for some time remained motionless! The countenances of the Christians exhibited undaunted courage, and contempt of death. No threatening exclamations—no exulting shouts—no offensive taunts, disgraced, or interrupted the mute respect with which they waited the word of command from their illustrious chief!—

Bontchouk, is carried before him, as a signal of the royal presence. As a particular mark of respect to Sobieski, this honor was conferred on Prince James, some time after, when, during the King's illness, he took the command of the army.

Abbé Coyer.

while the Turks on the contrary, reflected, from their gloomy fronts fell hate, and arrogant defiance; accompanying their ireful looks with insulting cries, more piercing than the shrill note of the clarions, which at the same time broke on the ear!

At length, even these bravadoes ceased, and for some minutes a dumb and death-like stillness prevailed throughout this *world* of men; so solemn—so awful—so appallingly sudden, that even, to the least brave, the "war-denouncing" signal, which broke the terrific pause of preparation, was welcome.

'Twas given. The burst of cannon which followed shook the huge mountain to its base; and, in the same moment, the first line of the Christian army, consisting wholly of infantry, rushed on the enemy, with an impetuosity which opened the ranks to the

Polish cavalry;* who immediately piercing the advanced legion of the Turkish army, led the battle towards the standard that marked the station of the Grand Vizir.

The Spahis, with desperate bravery, barred their further progress, till the appearance of the plumed bonnet of the King of Poland, withered their strength, and spread a wild dismay around. In this dreadful moment the red pavilion was erected, and close to it was raised the standard of Mahomet! on whose waving streamers were inscribed the names of Alla and the Prophet—an object as sacred to Mussulmen, as was, to their soldiers, the Labarum of the Roman Emperors, and the Oriflame of the ancient Kings of France. But the sight of this worshipped symbol of their

* Which filled the intervals of the battalions.

Dupont's Journal o the Siege.

faith, which generally revived the sinking spirits of the Turks, with the enthusiasm of religious zeal, now failed of its usual effect. The misconduct of the Vizir had entirely deprived it of all its inspiring, its invigorating virtue.

Sidney had read, in the manuscript of the Duke of Lorraine, the wonderful exploits of the King of Poland. He had listened, with never-satiated interest, to the verbal details that Prince had also given him; but now more than he had ever heard, more than he had ever imagined, of human power, were actually present to view! He saw, he felt, with awe and admiration, the effect which such an example is capable of exciting!

That immense multitude of Infidel invaders, which, under a skillful leader, ought to have surrounded, in so extensive a plain, an enemy of such inferior force, was deprived, by the terror

arising from a want of confidence in their General, of all courage and presence of mind. The Grand Vizir now saw the necessity of attempting to recover their good opinion, by making a display of courage, and a shew of kindness. But vain was the exertion of a too late valour—vain his too late promises of immense rewards!—The time was past!

The Walachians, Moldavians, Transylvanians, Tartars, and even the Janizaries, refused to contend with an arm guided by the God of War himself, under a General whom they hated and despised. In this critical situation, he addressed his entreaties to the Bashaw of Buda; but silence was his only answer.

"And thou, too," said he to the Tartar Prince; "dost thou refuse to assist me?"

The Cham saw no safety but in flight.

The Spahis were now reduced to their last efforts; and, in another moment, Sobieski, like the dread bolt of heaven, shot through and dispersed them. The sacred standard instantly disappeared. The Vizir turned his back, and the consternation communicating itself with the rapidity of lightning, from the centre to the wings, became general; while the glorious Sobieski, with victory flaming from his sword, and followed by his shouting squadron, eagerly pushed forward to attack the Janizaries, who were left to continue the siege. They also fled, and Vienna was delivered!

CHAP. V.

On the day following the battle, Sobieski entered Vienna; not with the proud pomp of a conqueror, glorying in his exploits, but as a mild and soothing benefactor! There were no gaudy carpets spread to receive his horse's steps, nor gilded trophies to precede his own! No idle pageantry; no ostentatious display of noble captives, commanded admiration; or insulted the sickly gladness which began to dawn upon the countenances of the exhausted sufferers from this terrific siege. *His* triumph was to be found in the hearts, in the affectionate looks, in the grateful prayers, tears, and blessings, of the mother, lover, wife,

and child, who owed to him the god-like benefit of restoration to the endearing ties connected with those tender names.

In the affecting overflow of their feelings, they impeded his progress over the ruins of this devastated city, by prostrating themselves before him, clinging round the legs of his horse, hanging on his knees, pressing his hands to their eyes, their foreheads, their lips, and pouring forth, in soul-moving expressions, the gratitude with which their bosoms were penetrated.

The graceful tears of sympathy and pleasure flowed down the hero's manly cheek, as he benignly gave his hand to one, laid it, with encouraging kindness, on the head of another; and bent to all, with a smile, which spoke the chastened joy, with which he received this homage of the heart.

How beautiful to Sidney appeared

the countenance of Sobieski, when he saw those eyes of fiery-brightness, soften into more than woman's sweetness, as the multitude hailed him by the fond titles of their father, their saviour, the best, as well as greatest of Princes!—and, at the same time, heard him exclaim, in a voice tender as the charity of his looks:—

"These are the real joys of empire! —These testimonies of genuine esteem and love, make us sensibly feel, that all the pride and glory of kingdoms won, can never give such blessed sensations as one victory, which thus redeems a nation's happiness!"

No longer able to control his emotions, Sidney, suddenly exclaiming, "Oh! great and adored source of my existence, and of blessings to thousands!" was springing forwards to fall at the feet of a father so supreme in virtue, and there pouring out that enthu-

siastic devotion, which his heart yearned to express. But Charles of Lorraine, aware of the effect such a scene would, probably, produce on his sensitive soul, during the whole of it, had kept his eye upon him, to guard against the very intention which now influenced his movement. The Duke had but just time, by seizing the reins of his horse, to check this ardent impulse, and restore to him his self-possession.

He now, keeping at an unnoticed distance, followed the citizens, as they conducted their deliverer, with reiterated effusions of joy, to the cathedral.

There Sobieski gave way to a momentary transport of exultation, in trampling under foot the Turkish crescent!—a monument of ignominy, erected by Soliman the Great.

After this pardonable act of triumph, he entered the church with corrected pride; and joined, most humbly, in

thanksgivings, which the multitude offered at the altar of that Omnipotent Being, who, in his beneficence, had nerved the arm of their preserver against the hard oppressor; and saved from debasement and bondage, their laws, their faith, their fortunes, and their lives.

The sermon which followed this devout address, had for its text—"There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."*

After the holy priest had expatiated on the Almighty's mercy, in sending John to their relief, he turned their attention to the immediate instrument of his protecting goodness; and thus com-

* Sobieski, on ascending the throne of Poland, was known by the title of John the Third; but the Author, to prevent confusion, has continued throughout to distinguish him by his family name.—The circumstance of the text is historical.

memorated the virtues, which rendered him worthy a happiness so exalted:—

"This object, who, under the Supreme Being, claims your gratitude, possesses a mind, not more superior to fear than to selfish interest—a mind, uniformly governed by principles of integrity and honor.—Firm and constant in every duty he has ever been called upon to fulfil;—true to his God, his country, and his faith;—constant to his friends, generous to his enemies—compassionate to the unfortunate.—He is magnanimous, without being proud—conciliating, without descending from his dignity—just, without severity—brave, without cruelty—kind, without weakness—ever ready to sacrifice his own *private interests* to the *public good;* —and, above all,—the general benefactor of mankind.—These virtues claim the gratitude, the respect, the love of

us, his debtors.—Sentiments the great God himself has sanctioned, by chusing his arm for our deliverance !"

Te Deum was now sung, which concluded the ceremony; and Sobieski evinced how well he deserved the eulogium just paid to his character, by his unassuming manner of quitting the church. The deep reverence and heartfelt devotion, generally inspired by the solemnity of a place of worship, marked his behaviour during the service. The calming influence of these religious rites, appeared also to have extended itself over the whole assembled multitude; for, on its conclusion, they awaited, in perfect stillness, Sobieski's remounting his horse.

It was under the impression of that pious awe, which chastens all vanity and self-glory, that this great and amiable hero, turning to Charles of Lor-

raine, as their steeds bore them from the cathedral, repeated, with unaffected humility :—

"O God, thy arm was here!
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other?—Take it God,
For it is only thine!"

Though the language was perfectly unintelligible to the people, the sweetness of voice and look, with which it was repeated, added to the religious fervor of their expression—made them construe it into a blessing—and again burst forth their sobbing raptures, and echoing cries of joy.

After accompanying him to the Governors, they departed to their several homes; but, from this day, till the re-

turn of the Emperor, the same testimonies of gratitude, with the firing of the cannon, taken from the enemy, saluted their deliverer whenever he appeared in public.

CHAP. VI.

"PRAY, who is that strikingly-fine youth?" asked the King, the next day, of Charles, as they were together pacing the ramparts of the fortress of Vienna, and pointing, at the same time, to Sidney; who, from the terrace below, had just observed, and saluted *a la militaire*, his kind patron.

"He is one," replied the Duke, "who has excited in me a very lively interest concerning his future fate! at first, for his mother's sake—now that I thoroughly know him, for his own."

"Hah!" retorted the King, with an air of pleasantry, "for his *mother's* sake, said you? have a care, Lorraine, what

you make me infer. Yet you may trust me—and to say the truth, I think you have reason to be proud of the boy."

"And I *am proud*, Sire," rejoined the Duke, "yet, believe me, raillery is, in this instance, misplaced; there are circumstances connected with the subject, which have cost me too much, for me to endure hearing them spoken of lightly."

"Pardon me," said Sobieski, affected by the tone in which he spoke, and extending to him his hand, "if I have unwittingly touched upon a tender string, I will not extort your confidence."

"If your Majesty would not think a love-tale tedious," returned Charles, "you should, unextorted, hear its history."

"Love!" exclaimed Sobieski, a shade of sadness, at the same time, crossing his countenance; "I can connect no-

thing which is uninteresting with that word!"

"If it be so," said the Prince, "you shall, in the evening, listen to this."

At an hour, which they had appointed before they separated, the King of Poland entered Charles's apartment; and found with him the youth who had, in the afternoon, brought on the conversation. As soon as the ceremonials of meeting were over, Sidney took his leave, to execute some necessary duties, with which his amiable patron had entrusted him; and Sobieski, reminding his host of his promise, after a pause, in which he was considerably agitated, the Duke said, "The mother of that dear boy was the sweetest being whom Nature ever formed; and innocent as the sportive lamb. In her character were united the most infantine simplicity, with genius, high cultivation, and dignity of mind! Her person was loveli-

ness itself—every look—every action—evinced grace, sensibility, and unrivalled sweetness of temper.

"In the absence of the guardian to whom her friends had entrusted her future happiness, one, gifted with every power of seduction, stole into her guileless heart, and robbed her of innocence and peace."

"And were you that man?" asked the King, impatiently, while a deep suffusion of crimson dyed his face.

The Duke, without noticing his question, proceeded.—"The delicate and refined sense of rectitude with which this lovely creature was imbued, rendered the loss of honor—her death-blow. It was a lingering death—but not less certain. That boy, the fruit of their most fatal connection, she bequeathed to me; and sacred will I hold the bequest, till I restore him to the affections of his father."

" Knows not that father of his existence ?" demanded Sobieski, abruptly.

" At present, I believe him to be ignorant of that circumstance;" replied Charles, " but when he has listened to the heart-rending tale I have to tell, as he is noble, I am confident he will, by his paternal tenderness towards her child, endeavour to efface from his conscience, the corroding recollections which must be connected with the memory of his unfortunate mother."

Charles, now mentioning Germany instead of France, as the scene of this transaction; substituting the Emperor for Louis, and using fictitious names for the immediate parties, related the leading features of Sabina's history; observing, that an obligation conferred on her betrothed husband, first introduced to their acquaintance the guilty lover.

His auditor listened in silence; but as the Prince proceeded, it was evident

some very painful sensations assailed the King. He several times arose; and again seated himself in visible uneasiness. At length, the mention of the fatal scene in the pavilion, on the eve of his departure, made him start up, and traverse the apartment with rapid strides. The Duke remained silent; till Sobieski approaching him hastily, said, "Your story, Lorraine, conjures up certain recollections of my youth, which unman me. I would fain banish them;—yet do I feel irresistibly impelled to learn the conclusion of your narrative. What *followed* that guilty scene?"

Charles took from his pocket-book the letter, which Sabina, in all the horror of remorse, had, on that night, written to her injured husband; and which the Duke having found among that nobleman's papers after his decease, had preserved for the present occasion. He now put it into the hands of the King.

Sobieski had no sooner glanced at the writing, than, dropping the letter, he concealed, with his hands, his agitated features; and remained for some time motionless. Charles attempted not to interrupt him. Presently exclaiming, "My foreboding fears were just!" he took up the paper, and eagerly perused it.

"The *consequences?*" demanded he, in a suffocated voice, as soon as he had ran it over.

The Duke now described the hapless object, which had presented itself to the eyes of the Marquis, on the return of that nobleman to his chateau;—the generous pity with which his bosom was filled for the lovely sufferer;—the anxiety and tenderness with which he watched over her, till the moment of her almost miraculous restoration;—and his first visit to her apartment after the recovery of her senses.

"Enough, enough," interrupted Sobieski, passionately, "*he* forgave her—and in *her* gentle bosom, gratitude soon ripened into love!"

"He *did* forgive her," replied the Duke; "nay, more—he laboured for her happiness.—To restore that desired blessing, he nobly resolved to sacrifice his own."

Charles then explained the plan the Marquis had devised to secure their union; and the King listened to him with the most violent emotion. After which, he gave him the posthumous letter of the unfortunate husband, which had been found by Camilla, on the bosom of her lamented lady, and presented by her to the Prince. That generous friend, concealed not from his auditor, from whence her attendant had taken it.

Sobieski read it without a comment;—and Charles proceeded to describe the

life Sabina had led since her recovery from the dangerous illness which had followed her lover's departure—the total change which had been wrought in her character—except, that she preserved, to her last hour, that sweetness of disposition, which had formed one of her most fascinating charms.

The King, with his face buried in his mantle, attended to the conclusion of the Prince's narrative. He mentioned the Marquis's having himself conducted her to the Chateau de Montresor;—the inviolable respect he had ever preserved towards her;—the way in which that ill-fated young creature had passed her time, every particular of which father Theodore had described to him;—her total abandonment of all her former pursuits;—the birth of her child;—her tenderness and devotion to him, from the hour he first saw the light, to that which separated them for ever;—

the filial and enthusiastic love, which marked, from the first dawn of reason, that sweet boy's manners towards his interesting mother;—nothing was omitted by the Duke, that was calculated to touch the heart of Sobieski. He then spoke of his visit:—he described minutely her woe-worn person—still lovely in decay:—her soul-penetrating voice! After mentioning the sudden death of the Marquis, he related the exertion which the timid and dying Sabina had made, to confess the sad story of her sorrows, and restore to the just heir of the Marquis his title and estates. He forgot not to remark, that till that period, she had continued ignorant of the name and rank of her lover; and he affectingly painted the faint gleam of pleasure, which had, for a moment, illumined her sweet features, on his promising to awaken in the bosom of his father, the wish of receiving under

his powerful protection, her child, when she was no more. The Prince retraced the scene of the rustic temple ;—related by whom, and on what occasion, that romantic retreat had been erected. He painted, in glowing colours, the look of serene confidence which once more dwelt on the enchanting countenance of Sabina—that countenance, agitated only while expressing to them, that, since her last fatal interview with her lover, when together they had, in all the agony of approaching separation, watched the splendid luminary of day sink beneath the horizon, she had never dared to contemplate that glorious spectacle.—One, which, from her earliest consciousness, she had been taught, by the Countess, to behold with sensations of religious awe and rapture!

A groan from his deeply-affected auditor, evinced to the Prince how successfully he had probed the soul of So-

bieski, and startled it to a sense of keen remorse. It was with enlivened hope, that he went on to depict the touching figure of that "softest pattern of embodied meekness," as, with one snowy arm passed round the neck of her unsuspicious and happy boy, she once more indulged herself with that elevating sight! He pourtrayed her angelic look—the celestial expression which beamed from her soft blue eyes, as, in speechless eloquence, they were fixed on the departing orb!—The song of Sidney was not forgotten.—He repeated the line which her precious boy had just uttered, as the cheek of Sabina gently reclined on his head.—The Duke's voice faltered.—It was with difficulty he pronounced the sentence which told, that those sweet and fascinating eyes had closed in death!

This picture, which Charles of Lorraine delineated with such pathos,

was indelibly engraven on the heart of Sobieski!—The first broken sentences, which burst from his quivering lips, were, "Oh, God! in the belief that she was forgotten!—The object of her contempt and pity!"——

Alarmed at the terrible agitation too visible in the King, and convinced that he had effected all he desired in his heart, for the welfare of his beloved charge; the Duke now regarded, with commiseration, the sufferings he had inflicted; and addressed him, in language calculated to calm the storm which he had raised.

It was long ere he succeeded; and the night wore away in converse, too deeply interesting to both parties, for them to perceive the lapse of time.

On the part of Charles, he reminded the King, that had Sabina conceived for him the contempt he apprehended, she would have *opposed*, not *prompted*, his

views of placing her boy under his protection. "No," cried he, "I firmly believe her love to have been so interwoven with her existence, that it expired only with her last sigh! Nay! even now, I can conceive her pure spirit looking down with sweet complacency on us; and listening to your promise, of testifying your tenderness and respect for her memory, by your paternal care of her child."

Sobieski's emotions became calmed, as he attended to the words of Charles; and anxious to exculpate himself, as far as possible, from the great blame attachable to his conduct, he related the rise and progress of his passion. He protested solemnly that the crime into which despair had hurried him, was wholly unpremeditated;—that nothing could exceed the timid respect, with which the modest and correct manners of Sabina had inspired him;—and, as a

proof, declared that the jealous delicacy he felt for her honor, occasioned his adopting the expedient of concealing her miniature under the mysterious veiled figure; thus putting it out of the power of accident, to betray to any eye the object of his love. Yet could he not deny, that he had felt as an injury done to himself, every proof of regard which he witnessed in her for the absent Marquis. He said it was pique, at her ascribing the friendship, with which she honored him, to the recommendation of her husband, that had made him quit her so abruptly after the archery. The spleen and ill-humour this circumstance had engendered, induced him, under the disguise of a minstrel, to speak to her with such severity at the masquerade; where, it was his original intention, to personate Cupid; but, on his change of plan, he prevailed on his brother to appear in the dress he had himself pro-

vided for that character. He confessed, he afterwards deeply regretted the confusion and pain he had inflicted on the gentle bride; and returned back to the apartment in which he had left her, resolved to make all the reparation in his power. But, to his infinite sorrow, she was gone; and he declared the vexation and repentance for the part he had acted, aggravated greatly the illness with which he was, on his return home, attacked.

In speaking of his sudden departure from France, he told the Duke, that the alternate fits of gloomy despondence, and paroxysms of despair, which had successively assailed him in the progress of their journey, had awakened some suspicions in his brother, which rendered him so watchful of his motions, as to leave him no choice but that of proceeding to Warsaw. As he approached that place, anxiety for his father shared the grief he felt at quitting a creature so

enthusiastically beloved; and on his arrival there, the faint hope of seeing him once more having been extinguished, by finding that he had already breathed his last, his misery was complete. His mother, alarmed at the situation to which she saw him reduced, had insisted on his accompanying his brother to the Turkish capital; in the hope, that a scene so new, by exciting his attention, would divert his mind from the melancholy which oppressed it. He had, on his first arrival in Poland, taken care to dispatch his trusty valet Pivot, back to France, for the purpose of learning what had followed his departure at the Chateau de Briscacier. The intelligence with which he rejoined him at Constantinople, was, that the dangerous illness which had confined the Marchioness, had given her husband an opportunity of manifesting such striking proofs of affection to his bride, (so the physicians

reported,) that he had, in consequence of their information, become the subject of universal panegyric and interest at Paris; their mutual affection and happiness rendering them the general topic, for some time after her recovery. "I confess," said the King, "that this news at first gave me infinite pain, and threw me into the wildest transports of jealousy; but by degrees, I accustomed myself to consider her as lost to me for ever. Still the restless anxiety I could not banish from my bosom, made me again send Pivot back to France; who returned to me with the intelligence, that she had rendered the Marquis the happiest of fathers, by giving him a promising heir to his family honors. This event completely armed me with courage to struggle with my passion; and time so far subdued it, as to allow of my directing my thoughts and actions to the welfare of my country. The loss of

the best and most beloved of brothers, entirely roused me from my supine regret; or rather directed it into a new channel. The busy scene in which I was afterwards engaged restored my spirits; and my residence amongst the Tartars, by offering me such valuable opportunities of serving Poland, directed my mind to higher pursuits than I had hitherto followed. On my return to Warsaw from Tartary, my mother entreated me to ratify an engagement, which, during my absence, she had entered into for my matrimonial establishment. I at first revolted with horror from such a plan; the bare proposal of which, for a time, renewed my dejection:—but the affecting representations of my only parent, that my brother's death had imposed on me the duty of handing down the name of Sobieski to posterity, of which noble family I was now the last member; and her assu-

rances that that evént could alone dry up the tears which my brother's death had caused to flow, at last wrought me to her purpose; and I gave my hand to the partner she had chosen for me. I found her beautiful, sensible, engaging! It was true she was not Sabina!---but Sabina now loved *another!*---was devoting her cares, her tenderness, to the *child* of that other!---Such I believed.--- While *she* to whom I had united myself, testified towards *me* the most boundless affection! Time, and the endearing tie of children, more and more attached me to her; and, till this night, I have never repented my obedience to my mother, nor suspected the extent of the sacrifice I had made to her wishes. Oh, Lorraine!" continued he, "it is the hand of Heaven which has directed my too just punishment. I deserved not the happiness which the noble-minded Briscacier destined me---No!---

I have merited rather the chastisement of carrying with me to the tomb the agonizing knowledge, that that enchanting being, created to make me feel the mighty empire of love---died a victim to the sorrow I had inflicted on her!---and in the belief that I was fickle---inconstant---unworthy to retain a heart like hers!---How must I have sunk in her esteem on a comparison with the happy Briscacier!"

"Happy!" ejaculated the Duke, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes! too enviably happy," interrupted Sobieski, impatiently, "in that last tender proof she gave, of the flattering care with which she treasured up his letter."

The Duke made no reply to an observation, which appeared to him most unreasonable; nor could he avoid silently marvelling at a tenaciousness, which made him grudge the unfortunate Mar-

quis that one proof of gratitude, for all the sacrifices he had made for the peace of Sabina.

The broad glare of day now broke in on their retrospections, and they separated. The King having first engaged Charles to bring to his apartment, at noon, that child, with whose future fortune he had resolved to charge himself.

It was with feelings very different from those with which Sobieski had joined Charles of Lorraine, that he quitted him. His heart was sorely oppressed; and, with slow and uncertain steps, he measured back his way to his chamber.

CHAP. VII.

At the appointed hour, Charles of Lorraine, with his interesting ward, entered the apartment of the King. That monarch had passed the interval in much perturbation; nor more calmly had it glided on with the youth; to whom his patron immediately hastened, after quitting Sobieski, and related all that had taken place. He was led, by his excellent friend, to his father; who raised him, in silent emotion, and repeatedly pressed him in his paternal arms—then sinking into a chair, he regarded him with earnestness. The youth of Sidney

---the flush of agitation---the timidity with which he was impressed---these united causes, at the moment, gave to the expression of his countenance so striking a resemblance to that of his mother, that, as the King contemplated it, the bitter tears of recollection and contrition, washed his manly cheeks.

The interview was short, but highly satisfactory. On the part of Sobieski, he felt consolation, in discovering how worthy the son was of the intentions he had first, for his mother's sake, conceived in his favor. Nor was Sidney less charmed, at the tenderness with which he had been received by a parent, for whose shining talents, and exalted dignity, he felt almost adoration. From this day, every succeeding one drew closer those ties between them, which nature had formed.

And now, what had Sidney to pre-

vent his regarding himself as the happiest of human beings?—A cause existed, very painful and depressive to a mind like his, in the jealousy and ill-will engendered in the young breast of James Sobieski, (the King's first-born by his Queen,) at his father's avowal and adoption of this, till now, unknown child; whose person, manners, and amiable deportment, were calculated to eclipse his proud pretensions.

This youth was now making his first military essay under his royal father; and resented, although he dared not shew it to the King, every mark of attachment he saw him lavish on his rival:—for in this light did he regard his brother. The constant proofs which Sidney received of this misfortune, keenly wounded his susceptible soul; yet he confined to his own bosom the pain it gave him.

Far different was the treatment he received from the excellent Sapieha; who was, at that time, confined to his chamber, by a wound he had received in the deliverance of Vienna.

The Duke, at Sobieski's request, acquainted him with the story of Sabina, and the relation in which Sidney stood to himself. His benevolent heart mourned over the fate of one, whom he had loved with fraternal kindness—the many instances he had witnessed of whose enchanting character, he ever remembered with delight.

On his introduction to her son, he received him with a warmth of affection, truly gratifying to the youth:---an affection, which increased as they became more intimately acquainted, and subsisted between them to the end of their lives.

Sidney took frequent opportunities of

visiting his cousin; who recapitulated to him, with animated pleasure, the many happy days he had passed in the society of his mother;---her sweet, yet chastened, gaiety---so enlivening, so captivating to all around her.

"Alas!" said Sidney, "you have experienced a happiness I never knew! ---My mother's gaiety had all fled before my birth. I cannot recognize her in the picture you so feelingly draw."

"Nor can I," said Sapieha, deeply sighing, "discern, in the mournful Sabina, my early friend!"

* * * * *

One morning, not long after the King's affecting recognition of his son, that monarch, entering, in a friendly unceremonious way, an apartment belonging to the Governor's lady, observed, in an inner room, a sight which both surprised and interested him.

Sidney was sitting near a lovely girl, apparently about twelve years old, to whom he was, in a voice of tenderness, addressing words of consolation, and wiping away tears, which, falling from a pair of the brightest eyes in the world, wetted the long dark silken lashes which shaded them.

"Fear not, dear Selima," said Sidney; "I will throw myself at the feet of my gracious, noble father!—I will relate to him the happy chance which placed you under my protection—I will describe to him the scene of horror by which you were environed, when, like a frighted bird, you flew into my bosom for safety.—Sweet flutterer!" repeated he, in a tone of the gentlest compassion, as with his arm he encircled her form, and pressed it again to that protecting bosom.

"And do you think," asked the lovely girl, in a voice, except Sabina's,

the softest, and most touching the King had ever heard—"Do you think the great Sobieski will listen to your petition?"

The language in which she uttered this, though pure French, was still spoken with the accent of a foreigner.

Nothing could exceed the interesting figure of this pretty creature! She was habited in an elegant muslin, fashioned to the Turkish costume, which displayed to the greatest advantage her light and graceful form. Her dark brown glossy hair was tastefully entwined about her head, and fastened by clasps of the finest pearls: while her bare arms and neck were encircled by the same chaste ornaments.

The King, greatly surprised, and curious to discover the meaning of this scene, remained an unnoticed witness of it in the anti-room, as Sidney replied, "I am confident my father will not re-

fuse the first boon I shall ask of him. Be assured, dearest Selima, he will permit you to accompany us to Warsaw."

"Oh! my blessed mamma!" cried the sweet girl, clasping her hands together with inimitable grace, and raising, with them, her bright eyes towards heaven, "Entreat this favor for your poor Selima.—Intercede that this precious boon may be granted her!"

"Who could listen to that voice," exclaimed the enraptured Sidney, "yet refuse to grant the wishes it expressed! —Ah, Selima! if my father yields not to *my* entreaties, I will lead *you* to him —*you* shall speak, and your request must be instantly granted!"

"No!" cried the lovely girl, mournfully; "since she has lost her tender parent, no ear but *yours* has ever kindly listened to the sorrows of the hapless Selima!—no heart but *yours* has sym-

pathized in her afflictions!—*your* hand alone has benevolently dried up her tears!—and should she be separated from you——"

The excessive dread which appeared to agitate her as she spoke, made Sidney gaze on her with emotions not less lively than her own; and, in a tone so low and tremulous that the King with difficulty caught his words, he ejaculated, " The gentleness, the sweetness, the enchanting sensibility of my mother! with youth, and health, and unfaded loveliness!—-Ah, fascinating being! never, never will I leave thee!"

" But should the King command it!" interrupted Selima, deeply sighing.

" That is a misfortune he will not inflict on me," replied Sidney, in a voice of confidence; " my father cannot intentionally kill me with grief: he will not deny a pleasure so reasonable, yet so exquisite, as that of guarding,

consoling, watching over the destiny of one, whose life all-gracious Providence rendered me the blessed instrument of saving!—From that moment I have regarded you, I shall *ever* regard you, as the best-beloved of sisters!—as my peculiar charge!"

"Ah, happy Selima!" cried the delighted girl, "if heaven has snatched from thee the best, the most revered of mothers, it has bestowed on thee a new tie to console thee!" Then turning on Sidney, eyes, which now emitted sparks of pleasure from beneath those fringed curtains, which softened while they partly concealed their brilliancy, she said, "My dear, dear brother! I will be an obedient and good girl. You have but to pronounce, Selima, do this; or, my sister, abstain from that, to see how delightedly I shall comply with your wishes: for I have been educated in the school of obedience," added she,

a sweet smile playing on her coral lips; "you perceive therefore, the task will not be difficult to me."

Sidney had expanded his arms as if to receive her into them; but suddenly checking himself, he took her hand, and respectfully bowing on it, he solemnly said, "As I respect and watch over thy innocence, may heaven protect and guard me!"—then, quitting it, he resumed his seat; a proud look of exultation at his self-command, animating his intelligent features.

A sigh of recollection burst from the King, as he silently, and so unsuspectedly by his son, admired in him this trait of probity.

"Tell me," said Sidney, "do you feel happy under the patronage of her Excellency?"

"She refuses not any of my wishes," answered Selima; "but I have never known but two friends with whom I could feel *happy!*"

"And how long, my dear sister, is it since you lost that so greatly regretted mamma?"

"Six months, six long months have passed since the sad Selima has risen without meeting any eye to whom she could impart pleasure!—Ah! how my blessed mamma's would light up at sight of her poor child!—how she would press me to her heart, and call me her only treasure!---Often have I wept, since, as I have thought, she should have taken her treasure with her, not left her amongst those who valued her not!"

"Now," said Sidney, endeavouring to hide, under an assumed cheerfulness, how much her pathetic words and penetrating voice had affected him, "now, my sister, I am going to put to the trial your promise of obedience."

The April-faced girl, while the dew-drops of sensibility still trembled in her

sparkling eyes, with a look of delighted attention, fixed them on the youth.

He told her, the most acceptable proof she could give of her wish to oblige him, would be the banishing, as much as possible, all sad thoughts from her memory; and, confidently relying on his future care and affection, look forward with hope of happy days yet to come: then, taking from his pocket a small volume, and putting it into her hand, which he detained for a minute within his, he took his leave, and departed through a door opposite to that near which the King was stationed.

Selima remained for some time standing motionless, in the attitude in which Sidney had left her, and gazing intently on the opening through which he had disappeared; presently, in soft accents, while a smile hovered round her lovely mouth, she repeated, "My brother! my dear, dear brother." Then seating

herself in the place he had just quitted, she opened the volume, which was still held in her hand.

The King, astonished and bewildered at a scene so little expected, now feeling impatient for an explanation, entered the room in which sat the unsuspecting Selima; who, on raising her eyes, and perceiving a stranger approaching her, uttered a piercing shriek, and fled, with the swiftness of Atalanta, the same way which Sidney had taken.

Sobieski, disconcerted by a reception, for which he was scarcely more prepared than for what had preceded it, now, with much confusion, retraced his steps towards his own apartments. In his way thither, however, he met one, in Charles of Lorraine, who soon cleared up the mystery.

He informed him, that the evening on which their united forces had put the Infidels to flight, Sidney, by his

providential arrival at the deserted pavilion of the Grand Vizir, had rescued the sweet child, of whom he spoke, from the hands of a barbarian. This wretch was on the point of committing on her the same horrible assassination under which all the other unfortunate Turkish females had suffered. That in a male attire, which he had instantly borrowed of a Polish soldier, he found means to conduct her safely and unnoticed to Vienna, at which place Sidney acquainted him with the adventure; and entreated his assistance in providing a proper place of reception for the terrified young captive. The Duke had immediately exerted the influence, created by the great benefit they had just conferred on Count Staremberg, the Governor, for the purpose of inducing his lady to take the forlorn stranger under her protection.

The Countess generously complied,

and assigned a private apartment to the timid Selima, who had entreated to be spared seeing any one but that lady and the preserver of her life. In this wish she had hitherto been indulged.

"And why should my son have concealed this from me?" demanded the King, in a tone which convinced the Duke, he regarded his silence as a want of confidence in himself, and as such was hurt at it.

"Sire," replied Charles, not displeased to observe a tenaciousness which he thought augured well for Sidney, "it was but this morning that he obtained the permission of Selima to make known to you the circumstances of her situation. The enmity which she is aware you are justified in feeling towards the Grand Vizir, made her apprehensive that, on learning she had been found in *his* pavilion, you would not only withhold your protection from

her, but compel Sidney to follow the same line of conduct!"

"Hah! is it so?" exclaimed the King, "we must teach this fair one better to appreciate the soul of Sobieski! Imagines she he knows not to distinguish between the offender and the innocent?"

As he spoke these words, Sidney, entering the room, threw himself at his feet, and preferred the petition, which their conversation had prepared the King to listen to with indulgence.

Graciously raising him, he said, "My son, your boon is granted; to-morrow shall your pretty charge depart for Warsaw, under a safe escort. I shall apprise the Queen of my wish, that she treat her as the companion of our daughter, who is an amiable child. She will be kindly received by her Majesty, to whose favor the young Selima shall carry her passport. You, my son,"

continued he, "will remain with your father, till his affairs permit him to re-enter the bosom of his family."

Sidney suppressed the sigh which was nearly bursting from his heart, at an arrangement which was to remove from him, for some time, his beloved Selima; but fearful of displeasing the King, he testified nothing but gratitude for the readiness with which he had complied with his request. He then hastened to acquaint the sweet girl with his Majesty's pleasure; and, before he left her, had the satisfaction of seeing her reconciled to their temporary separation, by the certainty that he would soon follow her, and take up his abode in the same palace with herself.

This matter settled, he returned to his father; who told him, laughing, that, after the adventure of the morning, he should not a second time attempt to introduce himself to Selima,

till, by her having resided sometime in his family, she had been taught to conquer the excessive timidity that the close confinement in which she had been brought up had at present rendered habitual to her.

He then settled, that on the following morning she should depart for the capital of Poland, attended by Sapieha; whose health had too much suffered from his wound, to permit, for the present, his resuming his military duties.

Sidney led that officer, in the course of the day, to Selima's apartment, and introduced him to his young charge, as his kind friend and relation. The regard they each entertained for the youth, mutually prejudiced them in each other's favor; and in the progress of their journey, the mild and considerate attentions of Sapieha obtained the warm gratitude of Selima; while, on his part, her extreme loveliness, the danger

from which she had been rescued, joined to her engaging manners, and attractive simplicity, deeply interested him in her favor, and secured for her his friendship.

The parting, which took place at the appointed time, we will pass over; and also the numberless charges given by Sidney, respecting the sweet girl, to his cousin.

While they are pursuing their journey towards Warsaw, we will inquire in what way the Emperor testified his sense of the benefits he had received at the hands of Sobieski.

CHAP. VIII.

As Leopold was proudly advancing towards the Imperial capital, his haughty and exulting spirits received a sudden and severe check from the marks of desolation which every where saddened the whole of this so lately animated and fertile scene. The Danube itself seemed to weep over the blasted and melancholy air exhibited by the country through which it heavily rolled its mournful waves! No longer was heard the cheerful hum, the busy step, the enlivening sound of population! Hamlets, villages, gardens, castles, and corn-fields, which the spring saw great, rich, and flourishing, were swept from

the face of the earth by the devastating fury of war! Not a vestige remained to guide the wanderer through this now pathless desert!*

The Emperor in vain endeavoured to avert his eyes from this dreadful picture! It obtruded its painful horrors upon his sight whichever way he turned.

At length, the gates of Vienna presented the hope of their soon closing from his view this frightful waste! There he hoped to receive the consoling honors of an unrivalled triumph; for, though absent from the battle that should have earned it, he expected this homage. His rage and disappointment,

* The ruin was so extensive, that it was found necessary to have a new topographical map made; for the places marked in Vischer's were no longer in being.

Journal of the Siege.

therefore, almost rose to madness, as the *feu de joie* of the cannon, and the unceasing acclamations of the people, informed him but too plainly, that his illustrious ally was actually enjoying those applauses, and that admiration, he arrogantly imagined would have been reserved to greet his own return to his capital.

At these mortifying sounds, jealousy and envy took possession of his mind; and with all their baneful bitterness he exclaimed, addressing Count de Sintzendorf:

"It is thy weak counsels which have subjected me to this disgrace!"

The imperious tone in which this was said, too surely prophesied the courtier's downfall; and this death-blow to his ambition, proved, the next day, that of his life also.

Leopold, suffering his good fortune

to be poisoned by envy of those very abilities which had secured it to him, shrank from witnessing the heartfelt acknowledgments of his more grateful people, to their possessor.

Under the plea of a difficulty in adjusting the ceremonial to be observed in his meeting with Sobieski, he suddenly suspended his march, at the very gates of the city.

The question he started to his nobles and generals, who came to meet him, was, 'Whether an elective King had ever been present with an Emperor: and in what manner he ought to be received?'

"With open arms!" exclaimed Charles of Lorraine, with noble ardor, indignant at so ungenerous, so ungrateful a demur, "if, like Sobieski, he has saved the empire!"

But Leopold was not to be influenced

by his liberal-minded, warm-hearted, relation, where the gratification of his inordinate pride was at stake; and he insisted that the King of Poland should be given to understand, the honor of receiving his imperial hand would not be conferred on him, though, by custom, due to sovereign Princes upon these occasions.*

How puerile, how mean, did this tenaciousness of superior rank appear to the discerning many, when they compared its ideal value with the intrinsic dignity of virtue, the ennobling exploits, and high achievements won by Sobieski, from the dangerous summit of honor's sightless height!

When this hero was at length admitted to a public interview, all hearts, in silent admiration, acknowledged, that the wreath of early glory, which so

* Vide M. Pfeffel.

became his lovely brow in the first dawn of manhood, and still bloomed unfaded amidst his fresh-reaped laurels, formed a diadem which cast a wider lustre round, than the brilliant gems encircling the gold of the Imperial crown!

Among the many prisoners taken on the day of battle, had been brought to the King of Poland, an Arabian groom, with a horse armed and splendidly accoutred as for a tournament in the days of ancient chivalry. This horse, which belonged to the Grand Vizir, was of unblemished pedigree, of faultless form, and in every respect worthy of bearing, in this triumph, his august conqueror! under whom he foamed and champed his golden bit, as if he disdained the captivity he graced.

Noble and interesting was the appearance of Sobieski, as he approached the

Emperor; whose conduct had roused in him a degree of haughtiness, which lifted his stature to an all-commanding height; and on his lofty brow was displayed the consciousness of being *equally born* to dominion!

He was clad in the same armour he wore in the field of victory: and by way of inflecting on his Imperial Majesty some mortification for his ungrateful illiberality, he bore on his arm a Roman buckler, on which were engraved—Not the bright actions of his ancestors—but *his own!*

That Prince testified neither cordiality or gratitude towards the preserver of the Empire; nor would the envy which quickened his soul, allow him to bestow that meed of unbounded praise which every liberal mind pronounced to be Sobieski's right. The hateful hue of that detestable passion coloured the

Emperor's conduct throughout the whole of this interview; and instead of the admiration and thanks a generous heart so circumstanced would have panted to express, Leopold sought only to transfer from himself that weight of obligation his contracted soul knew not how to admit to Sobieski, by enumerating the benefits and services which, in all ages, had been received by Poland, through the friendship and protection of the Emperors.

The cold silence which Sobieski maintained, at length forced from Leopold the word gratitude for the deliverance of Vienna. At this reluctant avowal of obligation, the King, turning his horse, said, carelessly:—

" Brother, I am glad I have done you this *small* service." And, to put an end to this disagreeable meeting, he was on the point of departing, but stopped on observing Prince James

alight with the intention of paying his respects to Leopold. Sobieski introduced him to the Emperor, by saying, "This is a Prince I am educating for the service of Christendom." Then, seeing one of the Palatine's abjectly bending to kiss his Imperial Majesty's foot, he peremptorily and indignantly exclaimed, "No, meanness Palatine," and, bowing with an exaltation of air which, for a moment, seemed to awe even the proud Leopold, he rode on.

No one was more offended at the Emperor's behaviour to the deliverer of Vienna, than the noble-souled Duke of Lorraine, the magnanimity of whose character was shewn in the regard, deference, and even veneration, invariably evinced by him towards the successful opponent of his greatness—the rival of his glory! Inestimable Charles! thy soul of honor deserved the reward

of foreseeing the imperial greatness and domestic happiness destined thy grandson, in a union with the highly-gifted, highly-virtuous, Maria Theresa.

CHAP. IX.

The dissatisfaction which the King of Poland experienced at the Emperor's ingratitude, would have induced a less noble mind to return to his own dominions; and leave those of an unthankful Prince, to defend themselves against a conquered, but not an annihilated, enemy.

This was the ardent wish both of the Queen of Poland, the Republic, and even of the Emperor himself; who had his reasons for this desire, which he would have been ashamed to disclose. He knew that the malecontents of Hungary, no longer trusting in the fortune of Tekeli, had offered their crown to Sobieski

for his son Prince James. They were, at this time, in arms; and Leopold was uneasy at seeing near them a victorious King, who, by accepting the crown, might make him pay dearly for the services he had done him.

But this ambitious design never entered a mind, filled only with the common cause of Christendom, and the particular interests of Poland; both of which equally required the further humbling of the Ottoman power. With disinterested nobleness, he declined the proffered diadem; which he alleged, would be too dearly purchased, by a member of the house of Sobieski's subjecting himself to be branded with the epithet of usurper! Thus, his own generous politics, aided the sinister plan of Leopold, for removing him from the temptations held out by the Hungarians. He, willingly acceding to the Emperor's proposal of employing the

Polish troops, in conjunction with the German, against Neuhausel: and thus were the lists of Fame again opened.

In the mean time, Leopold deputed Staremberg, and some other officers of rank, to receive the proposals of Tekeli; who had entreated the good offices of Sobieski, to mediate for him the most honorable accommodation which his situation would allow.

The King of Poland, ever himself most merciful and generous as a victor, and ready to open his own arms to a submissive, or a conquered, enemy, exerted, with the German Generals, his humane and manly eloquence, in favor of Tekeli's claims to clemency; wishing that rebel's proposals to have been received by the deputies, as the representatives of a mild and potent Prince. But the Imperialists, instead of listening, with respectful gratitude, to his opinion, or remembering the weight (as

preserver of the empire) his voice should have carried with it—exclaimed, with great heat, "That if he had saved Vienna, they had not been idle spectators of that great event:" and Staremberg, instead of permitting the envoys of Tekeli to explain their instructions, repeatedly interrupted them with the insulting threats of scaffolds, executioner, and tortures!—conduct which so exasperated and disgusted the magnanimous Sobieski, that he determined to shew them, he could conquer without their assistance, though he fought in their cause.

The Polish troops always preceded the German, and encamped before them. Taking advantage, therefore, of this circumstance, without communicating his intentions to the Imperialists, the King pushed on to Strigonia, where Kara Mehemed, a young Bashaw, born for war, full of fire, ambition, and courage, guard-

ed the bridge which defended Fort Barcan, with seven thousand horse.

He there gave Sobieski a bloody lesson, which that monarch had the greatness, not only to profit by, but to acknowledge!

The King had flattered himself with the hopes of crushing this handful of Turks, and gaining possession of the fort, before the Germans should appear to share in the victory. But, in consequence of the Bashaw's troops being covered with a rideau, the Polish vanguard came upon them without suspecting they were so near, and was attacked with such celerity, that they had not time to draw up in order of battle. Disorder and confusion consequently reigned among the Poles. The Cossacks broke their ranks; the Pancerns took to flight; and the Grand General's dragoons sought only to save themselves. Nothing was to be seen but flying par-

ties on one side; while, on the other, the bloody scimitars of the ireful Turks, marked the horrid steps of their pursuit with the heads of the Christians.

In the midst of this confusion and rout, the King made up with the main body of horse; but his presence, instead of stopping or intimidating the youthful Bashaw, only spurred him on to greater exertions! Redoubling his activity, he scarcely gave Sobieski time to form his line. He received, however, the enemy with firmness, and even charged in return; but the Turks opening their line, and being animated by their commander, with that warlike spirit which distinguished the Mahometans under the first Califfs, drove back the left wing, forced the right, and made way through the centre. The Towarisz, who formed it, were no longer that intrepid band, which a century be-

fore said to their King,* "What hast thou to fear with twenty thousand lances? If the sky should fall, we would keep it up with their points."

In this universal disorder, when every moment added the dying to the dead, and it became equally dangerous to retreat or to resist, the Grand General Jablonowski besought the King to escape, with his sons, who fought by his side; adding, that he would endeavour to rally a few squadrons, to protect his sacred person from immediate pursuit. But Sobieski, who considered his person as sacred no longer than while employed in the service of his country, continued to fight till he was hurried away by an ungovernable horse, which, mad with the pain of a wound he had received, baffled even Sobieski's skill, and followed the flying multitude. The

* Abbé Coyer.

heat of the pursuit increased every moment, and the flight of the Poles grew proportionably precipitate and destructive; fear and disorder inflicting the death they sought to avoid, they became, to each other, as terrific as the enemy; the pursued, as well as the pursuer, alike wounding and destroying the overthrown, and gasping throng, they should have protected.

In this dreadful race for life and liberty, the King, to his inexpressible uneasiness, lost sight of Prince James; but Sidney, most fortunately kept his station near his noble sire, and, by that means, enjoyed the supreme blessing of preserving his invaluable life. The crowd of runaways pressed so close upon the King, that his danger became imminent; bruised most alarmingly, from the continual shocks of the horses and arms jostling against him, weakened by a night of watching and fatigue,

and afflicted with a complaint on the lungs; but for the faithful support of Matienski on one side, and the affectionate prop afforded by Sidney on the other, suffocation, or the loss of his seat, would have been the fatal consequence of his exhausted strength.

Thus assisted, and his horse redoubling his speed, he out-stripped the immense mass of people which had nearly overwhelmed him; when, suddenly, the King's progress was arrested by a party of Turks,* one of whom lifted his sabre against a life so precious to Poland—so odious to the Ottoman empire.

Sidney, darting forward, covered his illustrious parent with his ample shield; while, with a well-aimed stroke, he laid the assaulter dead beneath his horse's feet. Another Turk, mistaking the arm which

* Vide Lacombe.

gave death to his comrade, revenged his fall on a kister of the guards, riding, at the time, close to the gallant youth; then wheeling, with that alacrity peculiar to his nation, he made towards the King!—Again was the arm of death raised against the glory of his country, the delight of his friends, the terror of his enemies!—A second time, the propitious fortune of Sidney nerved his arm in the defence of his father. Two gallant Poles, now joining Matienski and Sidney, they dispersed the party; and the King again proceeded, with recovered breath and hopes, still assisted by his friend and son. They had scarcely lost sight of the troops, when his Majesty saw a young man struggling to free himself from a Turkish soldier, who forcibly held him by his cloak.—What agony seized on the King's heart, when he discovered that it was Prince James whom he saw in this peril-

ous situation. To stop, even for an instant, was death to the King, and ruin to Poland—to proceed, was sacrificing his son to his merciless enemy. While the duty of the patriot, and the affection of the parent, were contending for pre-eminence, Matienski, considering only the safety of the King, urged forwards his horse with redoubled speed; but Sidney, alive to the feelings of his father, and the danger of his brother, imperceptibly bent their course towards the objects of their fears; and, on reaching them, with admirable presence of mind, and a degree of skill that would have done honor to Sobieski himself, swung himself dexterously forward as he passed, and, with his sabre, cut the cloak from the soldier's powerful grasp!

It was well for Sobieski's feelings that the act was thought, and the stroke lightning! for any fore-knowledge of the intended deed, must have filled his

soul with the dread that the Prince would receive his death from the hand which meant him safety.

Prince James immediately escaping into an adjoining wood—there found a secure retreat.

This chace of death through the sanguinary field of war, had now continued nearly an hour. The plain was covered with dead bodie s; the hussars had thrown away their lances;—the cornets their standards;—and, in a few minutes more. Poland would have lost its King, its Generals, and all its cavalry!—When, fortunately, the Austrian infantry was seen advancing with great expedition; the Imperial army followed; and the artillery was getting in order!

The Turks, whose numbers were too small to encounter with so great a force as now approached to the succour of the Poles, desisted from the pursuit;

and returned to the field of battle, of which they kept possession.

This dreadful storm was succeeded by a calm as melancholy. The King, overwhelmed with fatigue and grief, laid himself down on a bundle of hay; and, as he silently watched the sorrowful ceremony of burying those who had fallen in this bloody fight, "thought on thought rolled over his anxious soul."

The Polish nobles who had escaped the slaughter, with down-cast eyes and dejected countenances, surrounded their Sovereign in unbroken silence; while the depressed father, looked in vain for his son, of whom no voice gave account. Sighs rose crowding from his afflicted bosom!—At length, he found courage to inquire his fate;—but ere he could receive an answer, the Prince himself appeared, to chace from his foreboding mind the death-like fears which had assailed it.

At this joy-reviving sight, he felt all that he owed to the daring valor, the heroic affection, of Sidney, both in his own person, and that of James. As the noble warmth which urged this inestimable youth to deck himself in trophies like his own early acts of glory, inexpressibly endeared and strengthened the tie which allowed the King to claim a father's joys in him, he fondly united him in the same embrace and blessing with which he welcomed to safety his treasured heir; exclaiming, as he withdrew his arms from James, and again enfolded Sidney within them :—

"O, my son!—Thou art a beam from Heaven; early art thou in the fame of thy fathers. As the sun rejoices from his cloud, over the tree his beams have raised, as it shakes its lonely head on the heath, so joyful is thy father over thy renown!"

A parent's praise—a parent's bless-

ing—thus eloquently bestowed, kindled emotions in Sidney's heart, which sent the pure blood that nourished it, to ennoble his naturally mild countenance with the dignity of conscious virtue. Sobieski, for a moment longer, bent on him the softened beams of his starry eyes—then turning them, with a look of pity, on the field of death, he said, with rallied spirit:—

"Sadness ought not to dwell in danger—nor the tear in the eye of war."

The German Generals now assembled before him; affecting an air of sorrow at his defeat, which the King knew how to distrust, and to prove that he did so, he addressed to them, with that captivating candour which disarms every bad passion but envy, these words:—

"Gentlemen, I acknowledge that I wished to conquer without you, for the honor of my own nation; I have suffered severely for it; but I will take my

revenge with you, and for you. To effect this, must now be the chief employment of our thoughts."

In the mean time, the young Bashaw, proud of the advantage he had gained over one so famed, so great, so dreadful in the field of battle, as the hero of the age, was anticipating the gathering fresh laurels! To disappoint these hopes, Sobieski, who had recovered his strength by a night's rest, employed the whole of the following day in collecting his scattered army—in consoling it for the misfortune of the day before—in animating it to vengeance—in combining it with the Imperial troops—and in regulating the order of the morrow's battle.

To the Queen he wrote the soul-harrowing assurance, that she must expect to hear of the defeat of the Turks, or the death of Sobieski.

Indeed, on this eventful morning,

there appeared to be no alternative between death and victory on either side; the spirited young Bashaw having drawn up his troops upon a spot which scarcely offered a possibility of retreat:—thus intimating to his soldiers, that they must conquer or die.

The two Bashaws of Silistria and Caramania, commanded the wings. The General, elated wiih his recent victory, and flushed with the hope of a second, was in the centre.

While the Christians were only preparing to begin the attack, the Turks, more sudden in their movements, poured upon them with an impetuosity, accompanied by horrific yells, impossible to describe. The foaming cataract, furiously rushing from the stupendous brink of the "cloud-capt" mountain, neither roars more thunderingly, nor precipitates itself more rapidly, than did the Turks in this terrific onset!

Their enemy received the shock with such well-strung nerves, and minds so intrepid, that not a man lost his post; while, at the same time, the tremendous discharge of their cannon, hurled men and horses to everlasting darkness!

The Turks wheeled round to recover a little; and again rushed upon them, with redoubled velocity and fire. Then did the direful battle rage with ten-fold fury! Combat followed combat! Death was in every blast; and mingled his voice of horror, with the clanging of shields, and the clashing of arms!

The Turks were often on the point of piercing the Polish battalions; and were as often repulsed by the desperate valor exerted to retrieve their blemished fame. Never did squadrons perform their evolutions with more dexterity and quickness, than the Mahometans; but finding all their efforts, though equally bold and skillful, ineffectual, they

changed their plan of attack. They now no longer confined their charge to the left wing alone—the right and centre received at once their embodied strength and courage; and, as one band gave way, another, with renewed vigour, distinguished itself by fresh efforts of superior valour.

The Bashaw of Silistria having desperately forced his way on the left, his horse was killed under him, and himself instantly surrounded by a troop of cavalry. He continued undauntedly fighting on foot a considerable time; assisted only by forty of his domestics, who alighted from their horses to defend him. Jablonowski, struck with admiration at the heroism and fidelity of this little troop, cried aloud, "Spare those brave fellows!" but the Germans, deaf to mercy, cut them to pieces! On the approach of the Grand General, the noble Bashaw surrendered himself: at

the same time, the Bashaw of Caramania was taken, covered with blood.

Still the Turkish General, though deprived of these two brave and powerful supporters, did all that could be expected from human courage! At length, receiving two dangerous wounds, and observing the strength of his troops exhausted, he attempted a retreat over the bridge. The Imperialists, quickly perceiving his intention, rolled their mighty numbers around them in the form of a crescent. While Sobieski, at the head of his cavalry, burst on their flank with the fury of a thousand storms. Terror, the strong, the fierce, the beloved, son of the red-armed god of war, attending his steps, and filling, with dismay, the most valiant of the Turkish warriors.

Then did the shouts of the victors, and the groans of the dying, mingle in horrid discord—the earth streamed with blood—and———

But the noise of arms is no more.—Peace to the memory of those who fell! —When the spirit of battle is extinguished, the soul, in silence, melts away for the dead.

CHAP. X.

THIS victory, which put the Christians in the possession of Fort Barcan, opened to them the conquest of Strigonia; which Sobieski immediately gave up to the Duke of Lorraine. At this place the two armies separated; and Sidney, bidding the Prince an affectionate and grateful adieu, departed with his illustrious father; who was, henceforth, to be his only protector.

Let us pause for a moment, to inquire what proofs of gratitude were received by the distinguished actors in this great scene, who assisted the unequalled Sobieski in preserving to Leopold his empire. Some, at the very

time of their services, and others, afterwards, had equal reason with the King of Poland, to complain of the Emperor's ingratitude and ill-treatment.

The Elector of Saxony requested a military honor, for a Prince of his family, and was refused!

The first senator of Poland, Potoki, entreated to be allowed the melancholy privilege of erecting a pyramid to the memory of his son, on the spot which that young hero had bathed with his blood—and was refused!

His haughty behaviour to the King of Poland, who had just restored to him his capital, has been already described. He afterwards refused him a share of the numberless Turkish cannon, taken by the Poles; and unfeelingly, ungenerously, denied those brave troops winter quarters, in the country they had preserved. This cruel refusal exposed them to all the inclemency of winter,

in a march of one hundred leagues, which they were obliged to make, before they could reach their native land. Their road lay through a country, infested by the malecontents of Hungary; abounding in rapid rivers, stupendous mountains, and towns belonging to the Turks, or Hungarians.

The last ridge of mountains, anciently called Carpathian, which forms the barrier between Poland, and the country of the latter, presented, at this season, to the weary soldiery, the horrid prospect of snow, ice, and torrents, over which they were to seek their devious way.

This dreadful passage, with all its attendant dangers of piercing frosts, icy precipices, tempestuous winds, and ambushed enemies, was explored with uncomplaining labour, and intrepid steps, by troops long accustomed to see every danger bravely encountered, obstacles

resolutely surmounted, and distress patiently endured by their heroic leader!

While the Poles were fearlessly pursuing their journey over "formless wilds," a most tragic scene was acting by the Turks.

The deposition of the Cham of Tartary, and the sacrifice of four Bashaws, was not sufficient to appease the murmurs of the Ottoman empire. The brave Tekeli was sent to Constantinople, bound hand and foot. Kara Mustapha, charged with being the principal author of the public calamities, received his doom at Belgrade. As it is written in the Alcoran, "That no martyrdom is more glorious than that of dying by the hand, or by the order, of the Prince of Believers," Kara Mustapha fell prostrate before the warrant for his death, kissed it, embraced the Kiahia who brought it, took out of his bosom the seal of the empire, which he delivered

to the Aga of the Janizaries; and, holding out his neck to the four executioners, was immediately strangled. His head was carried to Constantinople, and exhibited as an acceptable offering to the people!

Let all who owe their rise to court favor, contemplate the fate of this Vizir, and tremble at their own prosperity!

In the mean time, the Polish army happily arrived at Cracow, and Sidney learnt, with infinite regret, that his august father had resolved, instead of immediately visiting his capital, to take up his quarters, for a while, in that place. A considerable time was necessary to repair the losses of his greatly-weakened army; and notwithstanding all his, and the Grand General's exertions, it was long ere they were able wholly to replace the numbers which had fallen during the Vienna campaign. As soon as this object was effected, the King

put himself once more at the head of his forces, and advanced to Jaslowiecz, a town of Podolia, which surrendered to his arms. This victory was followed by a series of engagements between the Poles and Lipki Tartars, and Turks; which, though not attended with the *eclat* of his late brilliant successes, still detained him from his family, and redoubled the impatience of Sidney to see this, comparatively petty war, terminated; in which, however, he had, in many instances, greatly distinguished himself.

CHAP. XI.

WHILE the foregoing events were occurring to the King of Poland, the interesting Selima arrived in safety at the royal palace in Warsaw, and presented to the Queen, according to the instructions given her, the *passport*, of which that Monarch had jocosely spoken.

It consisted of a splendid set of diamonds, which accompanied the letter to her Majesty, on the subject of the young stranger's reception. After detailing his wishes respecting her, he thus continued:—*" I send your Ma-

* Strictly historical.—Vide Lacombe.

jesty a part of the Grand Vizier's legacy, who has made me heir to the treasures left in his tents, which amount in value to several millions of ducats. Observe, therefore, Casimira, that you have no room to say of me, as the women of Tartary do of their husbands when they return from victory empty-handed, *You are no men, since you bring not to us the spoils of your conquest.*"

The Queen, greatly elated at intelligence so acceptable, and the *shining* proof of gallantry his Majesty had given her, received with her most gracious smiles the lovely bearer; and with great good humour complied with his request, of placing her near the person of the Princess Theresa;* who, though

* Theresa Cunegunda, the only daughter of Sobieski, afterwards married to the Elector of Bavaria.

younger than Selima, acquired for her companion a lively attachment. Nor were the endearing manners of Theresa less attractive to the new participator of her pleasures and her studies. Each emulated the other in the industry with which they sought improvement. To Selima, almost every thing she saw was novel, consequently amusing; and the pleasing wonder excited in her on these occasions, greatly delighted both the Queen and her daughter.

Although this interesting stranger had been educated with every possible care, by a sensible and charming mother, whose life had been devoted, from her birth, to that object, still the restraint and confinement under which they lived in the seraglio of the Grand Vizir, had precluded the possibility of her receiving many advantages which the young Theresa had fortunately enjoyed;

and which, on the first arrival of Selima, gave to the Princess a considerable superiority over her: but the persevering assiduity with which this sweet girl applied herself to those things in which she was deficient, soon enabled her to rival her little associate. To effect this, she was also stimulated and assisted by the young Prince Constantine, second son to the King, who, with his younger brother, Alexander, at times, delighted to mingle in their occupations and amusements. This latter was adored by his mother; and so striking was the superiority which nature had given him over his elder brother, that the people of Poland, by way of marking how much alive they were to this superiority, accustomed themselves to say, *'Alexander was born the son of the King, while his brother,

* Historical.

James, was only that of the Grand Marshal.*'

Two years thus rolled on, and still the King had not found leisure to visit his capital. It is not surprising, therefore, that the most enthusiastic rapture should prevail on the intelligence reaching Warsaw of his approach.

Not less powerfully were the inhabitants of the royal palace agitated at this event; joy filled every bosom, except that of Selima: with hers was mixed considerable uneasiness; and the sweet tranquillity which she had for a long time enjoyed, now gave place to restlessness and anxiety. She was going once more to behold the preserver of her life!—but in what way would he meet one from whom he had parted with such tender interest?—Did he still feel

* The rank which Sobieski held at the time of his birth.

that interest?—Would he continue to call her by the endearing name of sister?—Would he now, as then, concern himself about her happiness?—How resolve these important questions?—*Time* could alone do this!

The King too!—She was filled with awe and confusion at the idea of appearing before him. She dreaded—she scarcely knew what; and when the roar of cannon, and the acclamations of the populace, announced the arrival of their idolized sovereign, as the uproar drew nearer to the royal palace, wholly overcome by agitation, she quitted the party assembled to receive him, and hastened to hide herself in her own apartment.

As soon as the delighted Sobieski had embraced his wife and children, he led Sidney to the Queen, and introduced him to her as a son whom he deservedly and tenderly loved; bespeak-

ing for him an interest in her affections.

That Princess, although far from charmed at the introduction of this new inmate into her family, would not damp the pleasure of her royal consort, by letting him perceive what passed in her soul: dressing, therefore, her face in smiles, she received him with a grace and graciousness which charmed the King, and satisfied the youth; whose eyes, however, were eagerly seeking some object not to be found in the apartment.

Prince James, though grown and improved since his mother had last seen him, appeared dissatisfied and out of humour: while, on the contrary, Constantine, Alexander, and Theresa, who received Sidney with sensibility and kindness, were all exultation and happiness; and the King spared not his expressions of complacency at the ad-

vantageous changes which had visibly taken place since he last saw them.

When the tranquillity was restored, which such a meeting could not fail, for a time, to banish, Sobieski said, "Pray where is our little Turkish girl, the pretty Selima?—why do I not see her amongst you?"

The party now perceived, for the first time, Sidney excepted, that she was not present; and the amiable Theresa went immediately in search of her. She found that charming girl in her apartment, vainly endeavouring to prepare herself for her return to the saloon.

"Come, my dear Selima," exclaimed Theresa; "know you not our friends are arrived?---you are inquired for, and must hasten to shew yourself to them." In saying this, she took the arm of her friend, and gently drew her from the room. They were met by Constantine,

who had followed his sister: that fine boy, passing his hand through the other arm of the agitated girl, they thus led her between them into the presence of their father.

They found no one with him but the Queen: James and Sidney having left them for a short time to execute some military orders with which they were charged by his Majesty.

Selima had struck Sobieski, in the imperfect view he had of her at Vienna, to be scarcely twelve years old; but the extreme delicacy of her appearance, accompanied by a certain *naïveté* of manners, which he had never seen equalled, considerably deceived him in this respect. She had numbered some more years than he imagined. Not, however, aware of his mistake in this respect, he could not now behold, without much surprise, the beautiful creature who approached to throw herself at his feet.

The two years which had elapsed since she so precipitately fled at sight of him, added, to her before interesting person, embellishments for which the King was by no means prepared.

That slight and childish figure, that gave birth to the erroneous idea he had formed of her age, was moulded into one which might have served for a model of the most perfect female symmetry!---Her lovely mouth, and charming assemblage of features, were crowned by a pair of eyes, not inferior to those of Sobieski himself in animation and radiant brilliancy; but these were so softened by the long silken lashes which half veiled them, that they deprived not her countenance of those attractions, so fascinating in her sex---modesty and timidity! and which, when united to beauty and feminine graces, render it so touching and irresistible.

The King, thrown off his guard by

surprise and admiration, had nearly allowed her to kneel, before he sufficiently recovered himself to receive and salute her with paternal graciousness; then placing her beside him, he reassured and encouraged her, with so much kindness, that the apprehensions she had entertained of him, were nearly dissipated, when Prince James joined the royal party, and was introduced to the fair stranger.

That youth seemed not less struck than had been his father, at the very remarkable loveliness of her person; and the looks of eager pleasure with which he surveyed her, while it dyed the cheeks of Selima with the blush of modesty, awakened reflections in his Majesty, of a nature not the most agreeable.

He was struck, for the first time, with the fear, that he had committed a very indiscreet act, in thus domesti-

cating with his sons so seducing a creature; as no consideration he thought could ever reconcile him to sanction a union between her and either of them; since such a connection must annihilate the splendid views he had formed for the establishment of each.

While these cogitations were employing the mind of Sobieski, the door of the room once more opened—Sidney appeared—and in the next moment he beheld her, who had occasioned the uneasy reflections which were just then assailing him, rush like lightning into the arms of her preserver; who, at the first glance of Selima, had unconsciously opened them to receive her.—"My dear, dear brother!"—"Sister of my tenderest affections!" burst from their lips; while, with the most animated joy they interchanged regards expressive of the happiness they felt in being once more together.

The King, after some consideration, came to a resolution on the plan he should on the next day pursue; when, dismissing the subject for the present from his thoughts, he became the delight and admiration of his family.

Felicity reigned over the party for the rest of the evening; even James forgot his general tenacious ill-humour, in the pleasure he took in contemplating Selima; while that sweet girl's heart was eased of the dread that Sidney might have forgotten her, by the enchanting certainty which his every look, his every word, confirmed, that she never had been more dear to him! Her naturally excellent spirits, relieved from the load which had for some time depressed them, now rose with the happy elasticity of youth, proportionably high: many innocent and pretty sallies, in the course of the evening, escaped her. Pleasure danced in her fine eyes, dim-

pled her blooming cheeks, and played round her lovely mouth!—each person present fancied they now saw her for the first time, so new a life appeared to have been breathed into her.

The ever amiable Sapieha, who was become doatingly fond of Selima, and had joined them soon after Sidney, now whispered the King, that the present party reminded him of theirs, on that never-to-be-forgotten excursion to St. Jean de Luz!—Sobieski sighed, and turned his looks on the face of Sidney, "where his lost mother's sweetness smiled keen reproach;" but the shade of melancholy thrown over him by these recollections, quickly passed off, and he again became the soul of his family.

On the next morning, Sidney, at an early hour, was summoned by the King, to attend him in his library.

"Come hither, my son," said that

Monarch, "and listen to the words of a parent, who considers only your welfare in what he is about to address to you."

Sidney, in respectful silence, took his seat, and his Majesty proceeded: "You must be fully aware, my dear boy, how much your future fortune will depend on yourself. In me you have a father highly solicitous for your prosperity, and not destitute of the power to forward it: yet, without your concurring exertions, I can do little for you, in comparison with what it is my earnest wish should be done. I have ever regarded it as an indispensable duty owed me by my children, to entrust to their father the care of forming such alliances for them, as he, in his experience and knowledge of the world, shall deem most eligible! —Say, my son, may I confidently hope from you the obedience I expect?"

Extreme surprise, not unmixed with consternation, prevented Sidney from

giving the King that answer for which he paused, and he resumed his discourse:—" I feel myself fully justified in the proof of filial obedience which I exact, by the example I have myself set to my posterity. You are not ignorant of the sacrifice I made to the wishes of my surviving parent, at a time too when my heart was torn with grief at my separation from your much-loved mother; judge, then, if I could ever pardon a breach of that sacred duty in my own offspring. Read this letter from the Emperor, in which he offers me one of the Arch-duchesses, his daughters, as a bride for my son James. For Constantine, my prospects are not less brilliant!—And you! dear pledge of the affection which subsisted between me and that loveliest and most-beloved of beings, your angelic mother!—you, my Sidney, also occupy, with equal interest, the heart and views of your pa-

rent.—Will you ever blight the fond expectations he has formed for you?"

"Oh, my royal father!" cried the youth, entirely subdued by the tone of sensibility with which these last words were spoken, "never will I, at the expense of one moment's pain to you, purchase pleasure for myself!"

"My excellent child!" exclaimed the King, touched to the soul by the tender expression of those eyes, which were affectingly fixed on his, and at that moment, by their softness, so strongly recalled Sabina to his memory, as to startle him with the suddenness and force of electricity. He arose, and, for some minutes, traversed the apartment; then returning to his seat, he addressed Sidney in these words:—"You can have no difficulty in guessing at whom the observations I have this morning made must point; yet I will be perfectly explicit. Selima is a

charming girl!—I will be to her a firm and lasting friend; but she can never have a nearer claim to my good offices, than those which her forlorn situation give her. You call her sister; never must you regard her in any other light; never must you allow her to hope from you ought but fraternal affection. This, my son, is what I demand of you."

"My liege," cried Sidney, "I solemnly promise never to form any engagement, without your previous and positive sanction."

"Enough," replied the King, extending his hand and receiving that of Sidney; "the word of one in whose veins circulate the noble blood of Sobieski, must ever be held sacred." As he uttered this, the King, taking his arm, led him to the apartment in which the whole family were assembled.

The first object which presented itself to Sidney, was Selima, whom Prince

James was endeavouring to entertain with gallantries far from acceptable to her; and the flush of joy which glowed on that lovely countenance at sight of her preserver, before evidently exhibiting, alternately, impatience and ennui, filled the breast of her companion with rage and resentment. He walked to the opposite side of the room, muttering some words, amongst which those of *intruder* and *usurper* caught the ear of Sidney; while the looks of discontented envy with which he surveyed him, clearly testified at whom they pointed.

The reception given him by the Queen was scarcely less discouraging; displeasure lowered on her brow, at the secret audience he had just had with his Majesty; she was suspicious as to its object, and angry that she had not been made acquainted with it. Sidney, depressed and miserable, advanced to Selima; who no sooner raised her

charming eyes to his, than all her gay pleasure vanished, and she exclaimed, in a tone of tenderness, "Ah, my dear brother, you are not happy!"

"Say not so, my sweet sister," replied he, trying to speak with a cheerfulness very foreign to his feelings; "it is merely a momentary vexation, of which you must, by your converse, assist me to banish the remembrance."

But Selima could not comply with his wish—her spirits were fled; for she could not persuade herself that the trifle of which he spoke, could have given that expression of heart-felt sorrow that had so forcibly struck her on first regarding him. She remained thoughtful, silent, and uneasy; scarcely answering the questions he from time to time addressed to her.

When the party separated, Sidney bent his steps to the gardens of the palace; where he for some time walked

with rapid steps amidst their enclosures; till arriving at the border of a clear and beautiful stream, which refreshed and fertilized, while it embellished the surrounding plantations, he threw himself on its grassy margin, and delivered himself up to reflections on his present situation and future prospects. His sick heart died within him, as he contemplated his actual condition; stripped of the gaudy trappings which, to a superficial observer, concealed the thorns with which it was environed. That recognition of his father, at first so flattering to his juvenile and inexperienced hopes!—to what had it conducted him? He was, it was true, become an acknowledged member of the august house of Sobieski!—admitted, as that member, into the bosom of his illustrious family!—regarded by the King as second only to his legitimate children!—promised by that Mo-

narch an establishment worthy the rank to which he had raised him! These were glittering advantages in the eyes of an aspiring youth!—Yet how did their bright and alluring colours fade in his 'mind's eye,' as he viewed the reverse of the picture!—He was domesticated in a family, of which two powerful members regarded him with jealousy and aversion!—accustomed, from his birth, to the sweet and affectionate looks with which his lovely mother ever greeted his approach!—how striking, how insupportable was the contrast offered by the angry scowl that accompanied the Queen's morning salutation!—Even when robbed, by death, of his adored mother, no want of tender indulgence had prepared him for his present comfortless station.

He had been all but idolized by the beneficent Duke of Lorraine: and the revered Father Theodore ever treated

him with paternal kindness. No being approached him, but with looks of partial regard. But sad experience had since taught him, that there were hearts equally capable of unjust hatred, as of indulgent love! He shuddered as he remembered that this dreadful truth was revealed to him, and first exemplified by his brother, the haughty, the discontented James!

The King, it was true, treated him with parental affection: yet he had that very morning informed him, there were conditions on which he could alone hope for a continuance of that affection, or protection. What were those conditions?—Such as might render a compliance with them inimical to all his earthly happiness! It was intrusting to another the choice of his future partner!—his bosom friend!—the mother of his children!

Sidney was romantic!—He thought

happiness incompatible with indiffe-rence for this object!—He had indulged his dreams of felicity to come; in which, transporting himself to that dear retreat, the Chateau de Montresor, he had there, with an amiable and adored wife, in imagination, wandered amidst its captivating scenery. He had led her to the favorite haunts of his mother—seen her raise and cherish the plants which, drooping, had mourned the loss of her fostering hand: while he, her guardian angel—her protector—her de-voted husband, joyed in the certainty that he was the whole world to her; that the boundary of her wishes was by constituting his heaven on earth, to share it with him! But where should he find this rare creature?—where seek this heart, beating so exactly in unison with his own?—Alas! she was already found!—It was the sweet simplicity of character—-the heavenly temper—the

enthusiastic affection he felt he had inspired in her gentle bosom—the fascinating endearments of the lovely Selima, which had engendered these romantic dreams!—dreams more precious to his soul than all that worldly grandeur, without their realization, could bestow! He had abandoned himself the whole of the preceding night to the uninterrupted indulgence of these pleasing visions; and he had that morning, in a moment of filial tenderness, given to his royal father a sacred promise, which barred all possibility of his ever enjoying their reality!

Galling tears coursed each other down his pallid cheeks, as he exclaimed, in bitterness of spirit, "Wretch that I am! what have I to make life desirable?—cut off from this cherished hope---separated for ever from the object of my tender, my eternal affections!"

Sidney, by thus unrestrainedly vent-

ing his sorrow, had given great relief to his oppressed heart; and having for some time desparingly viewed the dark side of his prospects, he once more turned to that which was still alluring. After musing awhile, he exclaimed, " But why say I, I am separated from this enchanting Selima ?---Has the King breathed such a thought ?---No ! on the contrary, he allows me to regard and love her as my sister ; to be her friend—her adviser—her comforter, should she ever stand in need of one !—Of what then do I complain ? Am I become so self-willed, as to repine that my father has condescended wisely to caution me in time against drawing down ruin on her for whom I would sacrifice my life ?—that he has put me on my guard against myself ? What happiness could follow a step so dishonorable, so inconsiderate, as my inspiring this dear one with hopes, which my present fortune

cannot enable me to fulfil? Let me rather, by my example, teach her to limit her affection to those bounds, beyond which, unsanctioned by the King, it can bring with it nothing but misery!" He sighed deeply as these words escaped him.

"Let me also reflect," pursued he, "that if Prince James feels towards me rancour and dislike, the amiable Constantine treats me with fraternal cordiality. Theresa, too, the associate, the confident of my Selima, has convinced me, by her flattering attentions, that in her I possess a partial friend. And if the Queen is ungracious and harsh in her manners towards me, does she not render me the more susceptible of delight, at the gratifying contrast of my father's? His are often so kind, as to cause my heart to vibrate with painful pleasure.

"Three years ago, I thought, to be the acknowledged son of the illustrious

Sobieski—to have secured his paternal affection—and to be esteemed, by him, worthy to bear his name, must gratify every wish to which this bosom could ever give birth! All this I have obtained—yet still am I not content! Who, therefore, can assure me, that, were my new desires granted, I should not again form others? I will learn to check this discontented, this repining spirit; and, from the sublime example given me by my beatified mother, of resignation to the dispensations of heaven, evince my gratitude for the good conferred upon me, by a cheerful endurance of what may, to my weak judgment, but appear evil."

As these words escaped him, he arose with a lightened heart, and revived spirits; the pleasing change which had been effected in his mind, legibly impressed on his re-animated countenance.

In this happy mood, he returned to

the palace, and entered the saloon; where he found Theresa and Constantine, engaged in singing duets, which she accompanied with her harp: while James, who inherited from his father a passionate admiration of music, was placed sufficiently near them, to read the notes they were executing; some passages of which he occasionally enriched, by joining with theirs, his own excellent voice.

At the other extremity of the room sat Selima, apparently so deeply occupied with her pencil, as not to be conscious of the approach of Sidney; who, crossing the apartment with light steps, stopped behind her chair. Sapieha was looking at her drawing, and addressing her in a low tone, "But surely," said he, "you must be sensible that you have this morning acted with caprice, and very unlike yourself."

Selima sighed deeply, but made no

reply; and Sapieha continued, "Had you not assured me you have never been in France, I should believe you had very successfully taken a lesson of some fantastic Parisian belle, who has her occasional fits of *hating* all she usually *likes*, lest her *natural* taste should afford some pleasure to one of her unhappy admirers."

"Are you not very severe?" asked Selima, mournfully.

"By no means," replied her companion, in the same tone of *badinage* in which he had before spoken, "and this I can easily prove to you. You are naturally not only fond of music, but *usually* are of so obliging a disposition, that this is the first time I have ever known you refuse any one, who has requested you to join your voice to that of Constantine and Theresa. Your declining to do so to-day, is the more remarkable, as you well know, without

your assistance, they cannot gratify Prince James with the new trio he is desirous of hearing. This is not the whole of my charge against you," he added, quickly perceiving she was about to speak, "I have something to add, of an almost equally grievous nature. To fulfil your little ladyship's special appointment, have I, this morning, put off an engagement of some consequence, to give you the assistance of my advice, in your finishing touches of that last drawing of yours; which is, undoubtedly, your *chef-d'œuvre*. Last night, you were all impatience to have it completed; to-day, on my arrival, agreeable to my promise, instead of finding you, as I expected, prepared to receive with due respect your master—every thing in readiness for our operations, what did I behold?—My pupil returning from the conservatory, holding in her hand a beautiful rose, which she

had just plucked! I asked her to give it to me.—She refused; alleging, that she was just going to delineate it! Surprised at her answer, I silently followed her to this spot; where, disregarding, or not noticing, the disappointment this behaviour occasioned me, she quietly seated herself; and has passed the whole morning in touching, and retouching, the representation of that silly rose, till I can scarcely distinguish the mimic from the real flower."

As Sapieha spoke, a tear from the eyes of Selima fell on the brilliant colouring, and partially faded it. "Ah, what have you done?" cried he, "or rather what have I done?—You have taken seriously, what I meant but in jest—and you are hurt!—Pardon me, sweet Selima."

"It is for me to *ask*, not *grant*, your pardon," replied the ingenuous girl; "appearances condemn me, but you must

not judge my heart or motives, by appearances only. I felt too unhappy to-day to be capable of singing; and the same cause banished from my memory my engagement with you. Believe me, had not the occupation which has employed me been connected with my cause of sorrow, it would have failed to fix my attention."

A page now entering, delivered to Sapieha a message from the King, importing, that he wished to see him in his library.

"I will attend his Majesty's commands, instantly," said he; then, turning towards his fair companion, he whispered, "Do we not part friends?"

"Never better," replied she, faintly smiling, as she gave him her hand.—He pressed it with affectionate kindness, and immediately disappeared.

Selima started at seeing Sidney ad-

vance, and take the seat which Sapieha had just quitted.

"What can have rendered my dear sister unhappy?" asked he, soothingly, "and in what way is that flower connected with the cause?"

"It is *yours*," answered she, in a voice of sensibility, "this rose I gathered for *you*; but remembering how soon it would fade, I have thus perpetuated its memory." As she spoke, she presented the flower, and its copy, to her preserver; then added, "Yes! the sentiment it conveys, should be lasting as the life of her who gives it."

As Sidney received the proffered gift, their eyes met, and Selima, in a transport of pleasure, exclaimed, "My suit is granted!—I read in every line of that"——she stopped.

"Explain, my sweet sister, your meaning!" said the now agitated Sidney.

"Have you then forgotten the signi-

fication of this flower, thus given?" demanded she, with earnestness; "did you not, at Vienna, promise me, you would ever retain the recollection of what you, at that blessed period, learnt from me?"

Sidney, feeling himself incapable of speaking with calmness, remained silent; which caused her to take the drawing from his hand, and write under it: "*Give me thy sorrows, that happiness may be thine.*"* Then returning it to him, with a look and voice of tenderness, she said, "Accept this with sin-

* The Turks have, occasionally, a romantic method of imparting their feelings to the objects of their interest, by conveying to them various symbols, to each of which they attach some tender sentiment, or epithet. Thus, for instance, a pearl expresses, 'Fairest of the young;' a straw, 'Accept me for your slave;' a jonquil, 'Have pity on my love,' &c. &c. Selima has explained the sentiment conveyed by the rose.

cerity, my brother, that I may *value* the life you have saved. Do you promise me this?"

So earnest, so irresistible, was her manner, that the youth, touched to the soul, and completely thrown off his guard, exclaimed, "Ah, Selima! more precious to me is that dear life, than every other earthly good! Would I had no duty but that of devoting mine to the endeavour of rendering its felicity perfect! For this dear rose," added he, placing it near his heart, "I will treasure it with jealous care, that it may ever rouse me to a fortitude worthy the interest excited in that generous, yet gentle bosom; which would, at the expense of its own peace, relieve mine, even from those disquietudes which are the lot of humanity."

He now set her mind at ease respecting his vexations of the morning, by telling her, that a little reflection, had

enabled him to banish the unpleasant feelings they had occasioned.

Selima, rendered happy by this assurance, which was confirmed by the observation she had before made, that his countenance had resumed its usual expression; and charmed by the sensibility with which he had received her little offering, now became again joyful—sportive—animated—and Sidney, though somewhat doubtful of his circumspection, could not avoid participating in her innocent gaiety.

Such were the feelings of this amiable pair, when the party assembled at dinner. The Queen, whose temper still appeared ruffled, was, that night, to give a splendid ball, to celebrate the return of her royal consort; for which, preparations had been made, under her own immediate direction.

Whatever was the subject of the conference which had taken place in his

Majesty's library, and to which the Prince had been summoned, with Sapieha, it appeared to have terminated satisfactorily; as, not only the King, was in excellent spirits, but James had regained that good humour, which so much became him on the preceding evening. On the entrance of Selima, he gallantly led her to a seat, next which he placed himself; and disregarding the constrained manner with which she received his assiduities, he publicly asked the pleasure of her hand, during the dance. Selima blushed deeply as she answered, she was already engaged; but her confusion was increased ten-fold, by the Queen's sharply observing, that any engagement she could have formed, must, of course, give way to the desire the Prince Royal had expressed, of honoring her by his choice: adding, scornfully, "I imagine, none of my company will have the presumption to dispute

with him a right, to which he can have no competitor!"

Selima, abashed at the high tone of authority with which her Majesty had settled this matter, bowed her obedience; and tears started into her eyes, as she cast a melancholy glance at him to whom she had promised her hand; while an indignant flush glowed on the cheek of Sidney, as he exchanged, with her, a look of mingled commiseration, and disappointed pleasure.

"Dear Montresor!" mentally ejaculated he, "thou art the fit abode for this idol of my soul!—Ah! that I could transport her thither!—But it must not be."

Prince James, either did not, or would not, see any thing in the behaviour of Selima, which evinced, that the high honor he had conferred upon her, was far from being gratefully received.

Satisfied at having gained his point, he endeavoured, by his gaiety, to banish the damp which the previous hilarity of the company had generally experienced, from the tyrannical conduct of the Queen. His success, however, was but partial; nor did it make him shine in the eyes of his fair partner; on the contrary, the rude shock she had received from his mother, made it appear wholly out of season.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the evening passed heavily off, on the part of Selima; and that it was a most painful one to poor Sidney; who wandered through the spacious apartments, like a discontented spirit, without leading to the dance any one of the fair Polish ladies who graced the ball; many of whom, to impartial eyes, would have appeared well worthy that compliment. In the course of the entertainment, the ever kind-hearted Sapieha, who had felt

scarcely less hurt at the dinner scene, than the parties immediately concerned, gave Sidney some very useful advice, respecting the Queen. "Generally speaking," said he, "her influence with the King is very great; and when she sets her heart on any point, I believe she rarely fails to obtain it of my royal cousin. I am convinced, though she has some good traits, that her nature is mercenary and intriguing; and I believe it would be difficult to remain well with the King, if *she* is adverse to you. Take my advice, therefore, and make your court to her; you may possibly render her your friend; but if you do not, believe me, she will prove an insiduous and powerful enemy! The pretty Selima too!—My heart bleeds when I consider her situation; it is, I fear, a very precarious one. Hitherto, she has enjoyed her Majesty's favor; but the smiles of Princes are not to be relied on:

particularly when their own ease may suffer from kindness to their dependents! I think the Queen made her to-day, rather severely feel, that such is her actual condition here; and that unlimited obedience, is an indispensable duty annexed to her retaining *her* sufferance. She is a sweet girl; and I trust will never have cause to repent the evident admiration with which she has inspired Prince James."

"Pray explain yourself," cried the alarmed Sidney; "in what way do you fear she will repent the partiality of which you speak?"

"My meaning," replied Sapieha, "is, I think, clear enough!—You are aware of the engagement which subsists between the Emperor and his Majesty, respecting a future alliance between James, and one of the Archduchesses; but even supposing no such plan existed, you can scarcely imagine the

King of Poland would sanction a *marriage* between his son, and a little Turkish slave; who has nothing to recommend her but youth, beauty, sense, sensibility, accomplishments, and sweetness of temper!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Sidney, "in my simple estimation, these possessions would outweigh a diadem!"

"Very probably," said Sapieha, laughing at the warmth of his manner; "but you will not easily persuade crowned heads into your strange way of thinking! Yet let me seriously advise you, my young friend," added he, solemnly, "to take good care that you never *act* on these romantic principles. But for James, who has led us into this discussion, I am certain his ambition is not, in any respect, inferior to that of his father; nor would the idea of a marriage so degrading, shock the pride of one,

more than that of the other.—Let Selima, therefore, look to herself."

As he pronounced these words, he arose and quitted the half-distracted Sidney; leaving him a prey to a new and terrible species of anxiety. "Good God!" exclaimed he, as quitting the scene of gaiety, now become quite insupportable to him, he once more reached the garden, "Does there exist a monster, who would harm thy innocence? who could deliberately plant thorns on thy peaceful couch.—Sweet girl! though it be denied me to constitute thy happiness, I will watch over it with anxious care: nor will I more jealously guard thee from others, than against that partial gratitude with which the service thou hast received from me, has inspired thy soft bosom!"—And in the ebullition of his feelings, he unconsciously repeated to himself these words

of the Irish bard, so expressive of a lover's generous tenderness:—

"Safe thy charms with me shall rest,
For hither did my pity send thee;
Pure the love which fills my breast,
Ee'n from itself, it would defend thee."*

Before Sidney forgot his various causes of uneasiness in sleep, he somewhat tranquillized himself with the recollection, that so far was Selima from viewing the Prince with preference, she evidently sought to avoid his attentions: nor could he be blind to the tender interest she felt for himself. These reflections, while they soothed his fears, gratified his love; and armed him with hopes, that whatever might be James's views, she would be safe from his machina-

* Since translated from the ancient Irish, by the elegant pen of Miss Brooke.

tions; since he was well aware, that her own heart, was the most dangerous enemy with which she *could have* to contend.

CHAP. XII.

SIDNEY, who had witnessed his father's eloquence in the field, had soon the opportunity he so greatly wished, of hearing him in the diet also. The King usually addressed that assembly in Latin; and the only method which was found successful to prevail on Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when a child, to learn that language, was by telling him, it was understood by the hero of Poland.

Even if Sidney had been wholly unconnected with the head of the august assembly which he now entered, he could not have beheld, unmoved, the grandeur of the spectacle it presented. How much more sensibly then, must

the first sight of it have affected him, when he viewed, in the *fountain* of *his life*, this glory of Poland!—this idol of the nation!—this revered of the diet!

His Majesty was seated on an elevated throne, the steps of which were decorated by the great officers of the crown. Just beneath him, was the Primate, second only, and censor, to the King; his attire nearly vieing, in magnificence, with that of the sovereign.

On each side the throne were placed the Senators, forming two venerable rows; and opposite the royal seat were stationed the Ministers of State, surrounded by the deputies, who remained standing. The Pope's Nuncio, and the Foreign Ambassadors, had their appointed situations, and added to the splendour and dignity of the scene.

As soon as the various members were

assembled, and the doors thrown open, to admit every one desirous of hearing their deliberations, the *Pacta Conventa* was read, according to the established usage of the diets; a covenant, which contained the several obligations the King had entered into with his people. In case it appeared to any member, that he had violated either of the articles, that member possessed the privilege of remonstrating with his Majesty, and enforcing its better observance in future.

When the perusal was, on this occasion, concluded, the King, with an air of dignified inquiry, cast his eyes around the assembly. The most respectful silence prevailed. No voice, no countenance, testified ought towards their Monarch, but satisfaction, love, and admiration!

The joy inspired by these unanimous and heart-delighting sentiments, illumined the noble features of Sobieski, as

with that majesty and grace, which characterized him, he addressed the venerable Senators.

Sidney had heard him harangue his troops; had seen him breathe into them, at pleasure, the fire, the valour, which animated his own great soul! But now, he beheld him in a new—an endearing light! One that excited for him still more exalted sentiments!—He saw in him, the adored father of his people!—the defender of their liberties!—the sacred preserver of their laws!—himself setting the first example of respect and obedience to them!

The genius of his eloquence was varied to the occasion. If, in the former instances, he had witnessed it roused to heroism; now, it was grave and dignified, as the personages to whom it was addressed! He was no longer the warrior, the hero, leading on his fol-

lowers to victory; he was the wise, the beneficent legislator, inculcating the virtues of peace—of brotherly love—of universal philanthropy!

The unanimous burst of pleasure which followed his speech, had not subsided, when the agitated Sidney, no longer capable of commanding his emotions, quitted the assembly. "Ah! wonderful being!" ejaculated he, "formed equally to dazzle, astonish, and fascinate, all who come within thy sphere of action!—How great, how sublime, dost thou appear in the eyes of thy child!—How much does he feel honored in the privilege of calling thee father!—Never shall his actions render him unworthy that proud distinction!"

But Sidney knew not yet all the domestic charms of the King; who, even amidst the labours of war, loved and encouraged the arts of peace; often for-

getting, while surrounded by the din of arms, his cares and toils, in the bosom of history and the sciences.

Great had been the application with which he had accumulated the almost universal knowledge he possessed. He purchased it by intense assiduity, industry, and deep reflection; often robbing half his nights of sleep in the attainment.*

But he reaped the rich fruit of his persevering labour, now that an interval of quiet allowed him to enjoy, with zest, the unchecked pleasures to be derived from refined associates, and the cultivation of the fine arts. His court was the most brilliant Poland had ever known. Foreign noblemen, from various countries, travelled to Warsaw to visit it. Ambassadors extraordinary were sent there, to solicit alliances for

* Historical.

their respective monarchs; with young princes, desirous of studying military tactics, under so accomplished, so great a hero; and men of letters, too happy to surround a Prince, who understood and cherished the talents they professed!

The King of Poland was equally qualified to *enjoy* and to *adorn* their conversation; in which he frequently indulged at his table—for he loved the convivial pleasures of society! There, encircled by his family, his friends, and the deserving and distinguished objects of his patronage, he shone with a lustre, mild—yet transcendant! and if conscious that he was there less dazzling than at the head of a conquering army, the empire he acquired over the hearts of all, was to him a thousand times more touching—more precious!

As soon as the sittings of the diet were closed, the King, with his family, retired to Villanow; a very noble pa-

lace, situated two leagues from Warsaw, which had been built from a plan of his Majesty, exactly after the Italian style of architecture. The interior, fitted up consistently with that celebrated school, was enriched by paintings, and statues, of its first masters.

On the morning after their arrival at this enchanting palace, Sidney, who had been engaged some hours in the examination of its rare beauties, on entering a room where he found assembled his father, Theresa, and Selima, expressed, in very animated language, the admiration it had excited in him; when the King, with a look of great good humour, said :—

"My son, since you so much commend this production of my taste, it shall be honored by the celebration of an event, which will still more endear it to me!—I mean the nuptials that you

are not ignorant I have in view for yuo; and which are nearer their completion than you are aware of."

As he spoke, he took the arm of the alarmed youth, and conducted him into another apartment: but the death-like paleness which had overspread the face of Selima, escaped not the silent observation of either.

Sidney, who regarded himself as the most wretched of men, in being thus compelled to inflict misery on one—to render whom happy, he would gladly have sacrificed his life, now vainly strove to conceal from the King the state of his feelings; but that Monarch prudently forbore to comment on them, satisfied with the promise of obedience he had received, and secretly resolving to expedite the conclusion of the affair with all possible dispatch. Allowing Sidney, therefore, to imagine him ignorant of what was passing in his heart,

he contented himself with detailing the advantages to be derived from the alliance in question. Then, suddenly turning the discourse to books, he pointed out some rare and valuable works in his library, well worth his son's perusal.

On their return to Theresa, they found the Queen and Princes had joined her; Sidney eagerly cast his eyes around in search of Selima—but she was gone!—and it was with difficulty he commanded himself sufficiently to keep his seat till the party dispersed. He wished, yet dared not ask Theresa for her friend; but kept his eyes anxiously fixed on the door, in the vain hope of her re-appearance.

Immediately after the King had conducted Sidney to his library, the lovely girls, whom they quitted, were joined by Sapieha; whose observations, since the evening of the Queen's ball, had given him a pretty clear insight into the

real state of two young creatures' affections, in whose happiness he felt a lively interest; consequently, he had remarked, with regret, those symptoms of a passionate attachment, which he too well knew his Majesty would never sanction.

Often had he meditated on availing himself of the friendly influence he possessed over Selima, to speak to her on the subject, and guard her from encouraging hopes impossible to be realized, but never had a fit opportunity presented itself.

As he now advanced towards the fair friends, to greet them with the usual morning's salutation, Theresa, with a childish eagerness natural to her age, told him she had a charming piece of news to inform him of.

"And what is that, my giddy little cousin?" asked he, with a smile.

"Guess," cried she—"but no, I am

too impatient to wait for your guesses. It is—a—wedding!—yes!" added she, exultingly, "a wedding! with fetes, balls, masquerades, and I know not what besides!"

"And pray who is the happy man?" asked Sapieha, archly, "for I presume, from the glee with which you treat the subject, that *you* are to be the bride!"

"Your servant, sir," said Theresa, with a pretty toss of her head, and a something between a pout and a smile: "but you are not infallible in your conjectures. Who is to be the bride, remains still a secret; but the bridegroom, is our brother Leonce." It was by that name only, which Sidney had adopted on his first entering the army, that he was known to his father's family.

Sapieha stole a look at Selima: her appearance alarmed, and determined him on his plan of action. Taking from his pocket, then, an enigma, he put it

into the hand of Theresa, well knowing that all kinds of puzzles had an irresistible attraction for her; saying, at the same time:

"Here, my sprightly cousin, is a little exercise for your brilliant head this morning; let me see, if you will, with your usual facility, expound it by my return. In the meanwhile, Selima, I am going to run away with you for a short time; I wish to shew you a beautiful subject for your pencil:" and he hurried the almost unconscious girl into the garden.

It was not till they were some distance from the palace, that Sapieha thus addressed his agitated companion:

"What says Selima to these gay prospects?—Flutters her heart in unison with that of her young associate?"

A convulsive sob was the only reply he received to this question; when, kindly taking her hand, he

added, "Something oppresses that innocent bosom: does this projected marriage displease you?"

Selima still continuing silent, he proceeded:—"My sweet young friend must consider that she will acquire a new protector in the wife of her pre-preserver."

Hastily withdrawing her hand, she replied, though speaking with much difficulty, "Selima wants not new protectors!"

"And yet," rejoined Sapieha, "you often experience treatment from the Queen, which must convince you there are persons with whom you could live far more at your ease. Leonce is also exposed to her caprices. All, therefore, who are disinterestedly his friends, will, on reflection, rejoice at the prospect of his acquiring an establishment, which must not only render him independent of her Majesty, but enable him to fulfil

the first wish of his heart—that of ever proving to you, whom he so sincerely loves, a fond brother, a powerful as well as a generous guardian."

While he spoke, Selima was mournfully plucking from a shrub, against which she leaned, some of its fragrant blossoms. She then dropped them, one by one, into the stream which glided at their feet; and steadily watched their sailing down the clear current, till they were lost to her sight in distance. Then, raising her fine eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Striking analogy!"—"To what, my dear girl," asked Sapieha, with the gentlest benevolence, "to what are those flowers analogous?"

"Ask me not," said she, quickly; "but repeat—that the happiness of Leonce depends on the establishment you mention. I will endeavour to *feel* this,

to forget, in its contemplation, all selfish regret."

"Excellent young creature!" exclaimed Sapieha, "may you be happy in the consciousness of deserving that blessing!"

At this moment, the approach of Prince Alexander put an end to the discourse; and they returned to the palace; where Selima, hurrying to her room, passed the intermediate time till dinner, when she was obliged to join the family, in trying to reconcile herself to the consideration, that this dreaded marriage would secure the felicity of Sidney: though the bitter tears which would flow down her cheeks, but too plainly evinced, however promising this prospect might prove to her adopted brother, to herself, it was a source of misery.

On her entrance into the dining-room,

although serenity was restored to her lovely countenance, her heavy eyes, and pallid cheeks, at the first glance, struck daggers to the heart of Sidney.

From that moment, they avoided, with sedulous caution, as if by mutual agreement, all private conversation; and when their eyes, at any time, accidentally met, they instantly sought the ground, with a consciousness the most painful.

The King, who was a strict, though silent, remarker of their motions, was sensibly touched by the integrity and fortitude which marked their conduct: in the exertion of which, the efforts each made, were too visibly written on their altered persons, to escape so keen an observer: he, however, flattered himself, that this very fortitude would finally enable them to triumph over a hopeless attachment.

With a view of rousing Sidney from his enervating depression, and prevent-

ing its gaining ground on him, Sobieski determined that he should partake with him in the diversion of the chase, in which he himself delighted.

* The King, after the manner of Asiatic sovereigns, who hunt with a complete army, kept in pay five hundred Janizaries, all Turks, who had been taken in battle, and who were armed and dressed according to their former costume. A circular space was marked out for them in a forest, which they encompassed with nets, leaving an opening that answered to the plain. At a considerable distance, a line of dogs, held in leashes, formed a crescent; behind which, his Majesty, his sons, and all who accompanied him as huntsmen, were drawn up in another line. On the signals being given, a different pack of dogs were let loose into the forest, and drove before them stags,

* The description of this hunt is strictly historical.

elks, auroxes (a species of wild bull, of singular beauty, strength, and fierceness), lynxes, boars, and bears; each species of dog attacking the animal which was its own peculiar prey. The game, by these means, being prevented from getting back into the forest, and kept off from the nets by the Janizaries, were completely open to the attack of the dogs; and when, at any time, these animals were likely to be overpowered by their savage antagonists, the hunstmen engaged in their defence. This so new and singular scene, exhibited a strangely mixed multitude of men, horses, and wild beasts; which, with the noise of horns, the variety of combats, and all the apparatus of war displayed with so much magnificence, struck Sidney with surprise; and, during the heat of the contest, diverted, for a short time, his thoughts from that subject which so cruelly oppressed his

heart. Even the commendation he at times received, for the skill and bravery he displayed, gave him but a temporary pleasure; and his thoughts ever preceded him, on their return to Villanow; where Selima passed every moment which she could call her own, in the solitude of her apartment; by which means she equally avoided Sidney, and the persecuting gallantries of James. If her poor lover was, by this measure, deprived of the sweet pleasure he was wont to receive from her society, he felt some consolation in the knowledge, that she was at the same time removed from the selfish pursuits of the Prince.

Thus rolled on several weeks, and no further mention had been made of the marriage of Sidney. One afternoon that the Queen had retired to her closet, to read and answer a packet of letters which were just brought her, his Ma-

jesty, who never appeared so happy as when surrounded by his children, was at the other end of the room, engaged in perusing a French journal, and occasionally giving his attention to the family party, who were in the saloon with him.

The eyes of the younger members had been for some time caught by the remarkable beauty and singularity of a fly, which was brought into the room on some fruit that still lay on the table, and formed a part of the desert.

For a considerable time they amused themselves, by watching its nimble movements, its flutterings, and its so luxuriously regaling itself on the delicious conserves with which it was surrounded. Theresa and Selima appeared to take a peculiar pleasure in scrutinizing its wanton, happy motions.

Before their attention had been thus attracted, Prince James succeeded in

prevailing on the ladies to promise him their assistance in a little concert that evening; to begin the rehearsal of which he was now becoming extremely impatient.

In this sensation, however, no one seemed to participate; for it was in vain he first began by giving hints; and, finding them disregarded, explicitly begged they would accompany him to the music-room. Still were they lingering and reluctant; till, losing all self-command, in a moment of petulance, he vented the whole weight of his displeasure on the innocent insect, whose gambols had excited it, by interfering with his pleasure. Lifting his hand, by a stroke too sudden to be prevented, he annihilated the tiny offender!

Surprise and indignation instantly flashed from every countenance. "Oh, cruel James! what have you done?" cried Theresa.

"I have destroyed a worthless insect," replied he, "which usurped that attention due to myself."

Selima, who had started from her seat at the moment this odious act of tyranny was committed, now carried out of herself, and rendered bold by the various emotions which assailed her, turning to the Prince, addressed to him these words, in a language with which he was well acquainted:

> "'But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
> How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
> And buz lamenting doings in the air?
> Poor harmless fly!
> That with his pretty buzzing melody
> Came here to make us merry; and thou hast
> Killed him!'"

The attitude—the tone—the look—the language—but, above all, the *ex-*

pression of Selima, electrified the King! As it smote his ear, he fancied he once more listened to those never-to-be-forgotten accents, which, in his first visit to the Pavilion de Briscacier, had found their way directly to his heart, from the lips of its fascinating mistress!

There was a sensibility and simplicity united in the manner of Selima's delivering the sentiments of Shakespear, which he had never known so blended, but in one being!—That being was Sabina!

Forgetting, for a moment, the lapse of time, and that her soft and penetrating voice was now silent as the grave which had received her, he believed he had just listened to herself!—But the illusion quickly vanished!—Not so quickly the emotion to which it had given birth!—"Come hither, Selima," said Sobieski, in a tremulous voice; "I

knew not you were mistress of the language you have just spoken: from whom, did you acquire it my child?"

"It was the native tongue of my mother," replied the lovely girl: "she was the only instructer I ever had till my arrival in this country."

"You are, then, indebted to her maternal cares for your knowledge of French also," said the King, who began to shake off the effect her accents had first produced:—"she must have spoken the language well?"

"Yes," replied Selima; "she passed some years in that country during the early part of her life. It was in her voyage from thence, to join her parents, that she experienced the misfortune, which rendered her a miserable captive (a few months excepted) for the rest of her days."

"And who was your mother?" demanded the King, with quickness.

"The name of her parents was Stanhope," replied Selima.—"My unfortunate mother was called Sidney Stanhope, before the marriage took place to which I owe my birth."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Sobieski—"but it cannot be:—I once well knew a lovely young creature bearing that appellation; but she perished miserably!"

"Where, my liege?" interrupted Selima, with great eagerness.

"On the coast of Barbary," said the King. "She leaped overboard to avoid the horrors of slavery; with which her capture, by a corsair of that nation, threatened her."

At these words, Selima threw herself at the feet of her royal protector, exclaiming, in broken accents, "Ah! Sire! you have seen—you have known that dear—that excellent mother!—Yes! such was her supposed fate: but

she was seen floating on the water by the Captain of a Turkish galley; who, by means of a rope, drew her into his vessel. Though quite insensible, the vital spark was found to be not wholly extinguished; and she recovered her senses.

"The galley was bound to Constantinople; whither my unfortunate parent was carried, and purchased by a merchant of that city, as a present to the Grand Vizir, Kara Mustapha; in whose seraglio she was immediately placed.

"Under this gilded, but wretched roof, she had the misfortune to inspire love in the bosom of its lord; but heaven tempered it with a tenderness, which preserved her from dishonor. So delicate was the state of her health, that the Vizir feared the least violence would rob him of a being, who, by degrees, became inexpressibly dear to him.

"He long hoped time would reconcile her to her situation; and to facilitate this desired end, he put in practice every possible method to amuse her mind, and withdraw her attention from the profound grief into which she was plunged.

"It was with this view he contrived, by means of an aperture in the wall of an apartment, that my mother should be an invisible witness of a scene of great magnificence which was to take place, and in which he was to be himself the principal actor (as the representative of the Grand Seignor); in this character, receiving the homage of many distinguished personages. This pageantry he deemed well calculated to amuse a female mind.

"But the result proved far different from his expectations. Amongst the spectators, whom curiosity had attracted to view the ceremonial, my mother be-

held her lover! to whom she had surrendered her whole heart, and had left in France, in the fond hope of being speedily re-united to him for ever."

"Great God!" exclaimed the King —"but proceed."

"My mother, overcome by joy and surprise," pursued Selima, "fainted, and was immediately conveyed back to her chamber. On recovering her senses, she bent her every effort to discover the means of acquainting her unconscious lover with her dreadful condition; and at length succeeded, through the chief of the eunuchs, who conveyed to him a letter, fully explanatory of her situation.

"With the assistance of this slave, after many months of miserable anxiety, an opportunity offered for effecting their escape. It was not executed without tremendous risks on all sides: but for-

tune, in every instance, favored them; and my mother once more saw herself delivered from the frightful abyss into which she had fallen, by the exertion of that lover who possessed her dearest affections.

"The eunuch was the companion of their flight, and the witness to their marriage; which was solemnized in the first hour of restored liberty: a priest, of approved fidelity, having been provided to perform the sacred office.

"Thus, having rendered himself her legal protector, he lost not a moment in setting forward with his happy bride, to join some forces under his command; whom he had secretly left, to avail himself of the favorable moment the absence of the Grand Vizir offered, to prosecute their escape.

"They arrived, in safety, at the place of their destination: but Heaven

smiled not on an union, unsanctioned by their parents. This heart-rending observation has my poor mother often repeated to me, in the bitterness of her despair!—-Alas! her felicity was of short duration; and formed but a prelude to years of sorrow!

"A fatal engagement took place between my father's little army, and a large body of Tartars; in which the idolized husband of my mother was taken prisoner, and delivered up to the Cham.

"It was not till many years after, that she was made acquainted with his dreadful fate. Had she immediately known its horrors, it is probable I should never have seen the light. Previous to the engagement, my father had placed her, as he hoped in safety, under the care of the eunuch who had become the partner of their fortune; but they were also made prisoners by another

party of the enemy. The eunuch, in the hope of purchasing his life by the confession, informed the Cham from whence my mother had been stolen; who, with a view of complimenting the Grand Vizir, delivered that unhappy victim once more into his power; and, within a few months of her escape from those hated walls, she saw herself again enclosed within them, for the remainder of her days!—her soul oppressed with the most dreadful uncertainty respecting the fate of him, for whom, alone, she, at that time, thought their preservation desirable.

"The Grand Vizir, in his treatment of my mother, evinced, that, even in the most savage breast, there are some cords capable of vibrating to the touch of humanity. His spirit of revenge appeared in a great measure appeased by the murder of my father; and, resolving never more to see his wretched widow,

he contented himself with causing her, for the rest of her life, to be kept in a confinement so strict, that no possibility was left her of communication, beyond the walls of the seraglio.

"In that splendid prison was the pledge of her hapless love, the poor Selima, born: and, from the moment her fond mother first saw her, to her last, that little unfortunate occupied her tenderest cares and attentions!

"This dear mother, who, till a very short period before her decease, continued ignorant of my father's fate, at times still encouraged the hope, that he would one day effect our deliverance. She survived not a week, the knowledge, that the powerful arm, on whose support she so fondly relied, had long mouldered, nerveless, in death."

When Selima had pronounced these words, she gave way to the emotions which had shaken her frame during the

recital, and indulged in an uncontrolled and passionate burst of tears. Surprise, admiration, or pity, appeared to have enchained the faculties of her auditors. Opposite to the weeping girl stood Sidney, the pale image of devoted love! scarcely daring to breathe, least he should dissolve a delusive, yet enchanting dream; which presented, in the foreground of its lovely picture, the animated figure of Hope, driving Despair from the scene.

The King, in whose memory many circumstances arose that corroborated facts, of which, till this hour, he had never formed even the most remote suspicion, sat motionless—recognizing and tracing, with partial pleasure, in the turn of her eye, the gestures, and the expression of her beautiful mouth, striking resemblances to those of the most beloved, the most lamented of brothers.

When she ceased speaking, he hastily arose, clasped her in his arms, and, holding her tenderly to his bosom, exclaimed:—

"Yes! thou art his child! sweet relick of the best of men—of my Olesko!"

The agitated Selima, not yet comprehending the extent of her happiness, ejaculated:—

"You knew, then, my father?—Ah! Sire!"

His Majesty, seating her beside him, and regarding her earnestly, said:—

"I feel thou art indeed his child!—Know you not, Selima, that father was the brother of Sobieski?"

The head of the fainting girl sunk on his shoulder—her eyes closed—animation was wholly suspended—and the distracted Sidney, springing forward, received her senseless form in his outstretched arms.

CHAP. XIII.

For some time, terror and confusion reigned in the royal apartment; but they were at length dissipated by the restoration of Selima to life and consciousness.

"Have you no written proofs, no documents, to corroborate these so long concealed events, my dearest child?" asked the King, as soon as she was sufficiently composed to attend to him. "I feel an internal evidence, a conviction, which satisfies *myself* as to their veracity; but there are others, whom I would fain satisfy also."

"Alas! no," replied Selima; "I had such—but they were forced from me,

on that dreadful night, from the horrors of which you," looking tenderly at Sidney, "rescued me.—Olesko was the only name by which I ever heard my mother speak of my other parent. Often has she, with tears, repeated to me, that should it be my lot to drag out my days in captivity, it was her wish I might die ignorant of every circumstance, which could make me still more keenly feel my misfortune. Yet ere she bade me an eternal adieu, she put into my hands a small casket---this memento of which I have ever preserved."

[As she spoke, she lifted a small golden key, that was suspended to a row of pearls, which encircled her neck; and which those who had ever remarked it, supposed to be attached there merely as an ornament.]

"During the period of my mother's absence from the seraglio," pursued she, "a European slave, who was received

into it just before her first entrance there, found means to attract to herself, those attentions of the Grand Vizir, which had been rejected, with so much disgust, by her unwilling rival. This woman's character exhibited no common mixture of good and ill qualities; she detested my mother for possessing those affections she was eager to appropriate to herself; and on her re-capture, it was for the purpose of venting her malice, that the now reigning favourite asked, and obtained, leave to visit her in her prison, whenever she chose.

"At first, Seraphina (which was her name) made use of this permission for the cruel purpose for which she had demanded it; but she was, by degrees, touched by the distress of an unfortunate being, whom she no longer feared, since Kara Mustapha had sworn nevermore to behold her.

"In the end, she became, generally,

her friend and comforter. It was by the exertions of Seraphina, that my mother, in her last moments, received the blessing of absolution; for which purpose, a priest was, at the most eminent hazards, introduced into the haram, and conducted to her chamber.

"The favorite offered this desperate reparation, in the hope of atoning for the death of that dear saint, which was accelerated by her means. In a fit of rage, at my mother's peremptorily refusing to give me leave to pass some days in her apartment, she related, without reserve, the violent death of my father, with all the horrible particulars attending it! There had been moments, in which Kara Mustapha had taken a savage pleasure, in detailing this dreadful transaction to his favorite; who had, till this unguarded hour, been induced, by humanity, to conceal them from *her* whom it so nearly interested.

"The admission of the holy man, sweetened the last moments of my dying mother; for, although Seraphina guarded her own safety, by personally preventing all possibility of her rendering him subservient to the anxious wish of effecting my ransom, she had the consolation of seeing him perform on me the sacrament of baptism. It was by the name of Sabina I was christened."

"And why, my sweet child," said the King, once more fondly pressing her to his bosom, "have you allowed us thus long to miscal you?"

"Selima was the name given me by the favorite, at my birth," replied she; "it was by that I have ever been known in the seraglio; and my mother also obliged her, by complying with her wish. But, in almost her last moments, when she was particularly alive to the recollection of her, from whom she believed herself about to be separated by

the barrier of death, it is not surprising, that the name of that early friend, so tenderly beloved, should escape from her pallid lips, on the holy man's demanding of her by what appellation she would have me christened.

"It was in faint and dying accents, but still she distinctly pronounced Sabina; and by that name was I baptized."

Sobieski withdrew not his enfolding arm from this second Sabina, while she was giving her explanation; but often, from his gently drawing her still nearer to him, evinced that she had added another tie, to that by which she so recently bound herself to his paternal affection. Tears of tenderness and joy washed the now flushed cheeks of Sidney, as he contemplated a scene so dear to his heart.

Sabina, for we shall henceforth call her by her real name, thus proceeded:

" Never having heard myself distinguished by my baptismal name, for Seraphina continued to address me by that of her own choice, Selima naturally fell from me, on my preserver's first enquiring it; and I have never, till now, thought it of consequence to mention what I have just related."

" But the documents, my dear Sabina," said the King, appearing to take pleasure in the repetition of that once so romantically loved sound; " you mentioned some written proofs of your identity ?"

" My mother, as soon as the holy man had retired," resumed the interesting girl, " placed in my hands the casket, of which I just now spoke ; telling me, it contained irrefragible proofs of my legitimacy and family ; but exacting from me, at the same time, a promise, that I would never inspect its contents,

for the reason she had before given me, unless some prospect of emancipation offered itself to my hopes.

"Six sad months had scarcely passed away, after the loss of my sainted mother, when, with the rest of the females belonging to the seraglio, I accompanied Kara Mustapha, in the train of the still reigning favorite, Seraphina, on his expedition to Vienna. We were all as closely guarded as in the prison we had just quitted; still there were moments when my young heart was elated with the expectation of some happy termination to this journey, which would permit me to satisfy my eager desire, to examine the contents of my casket, without violating the promise I had given to my regretted mother. Nay, there were times when I persuaded myself, my strict obedience to her injunction, would be, in this way, rewarded.

Happy idea! I conjured it up, whenever I felt my curiosity getting the better of my judgment. Then did I take out my treasure---examine its exterior---compare this little key with the aperture made to receive it---and, at last, with a sigh, restore it to the place of safety in which I kept it.

" A few hours before your Majesty appeared in sight of the Turkish encampment, I was, for the first time in my life, in the presence of the Grand Vizir! Seraphina, who never wholly abandoned me, used, in his absence, often to send for me into her apartment, to sing her European airs, which I had learnt of my mother, and to which she was never weary of listening.

" On that afternoon, with more than usual good humour, she detained me beyond the hour I was wont to retire; imagining Kara Mustapha still engaged

in reviewing his troops; for she had ever guarded, with the utmost care, against my bein seen by him.

"I was kneeling at her feet, and clasping one of the emeralds which fastened her sandals, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and the Grand Vizir, without the least previous intimation, entered the tent! So great was my terror and surprise, that I started up, and stood trembling before him, without attempting to prostrate myself at his feet, or to escape from his awful presence!

"'Who is that audacious young slave?' demanded he, in a voice so tremendous, that I sank senseless on the lap of Seraphina. Confused and hesitating, the reluctance she evinced to answer Kara Mustapha's interrogatories, but rendered him the more impatient. Her first wish, therefore, was to send from his sight the cause of her embar-

rassment; and, though still inanimate, I was carried back in that condition to my apartment.

"I was informed, by one of the attendants, who came to me from the favorite, after my recovery, that the minute enquiry Kara Mustapha had made respecting me, filled her with uneasiness. She, doubtless, trembled lest I should fall a victim to the resentment he might still nourish against my unfortunate parents."

As the King and Sidney contemplated the lovely speaker, they attributed to a cause, widely different from that her modesty and innocence had assigned, the interest she excited in the Vizir; and the very natural apprehension, the possibility of a rival so formidable, was calculated to awaken, in the breast of Seraphina. Secretly, they returned thanks to heaven, for her escape from a situation of such peril; but interrupted

not, by expressing their thoughts, her narrative, which thus proceeded:—

"While I was overwhelmed with apprehension, lest I should be summoned into the presence of Kara Mustapha, a rumour arose in the encampment, that an army was approaching to the relief of the besieged city. This intelligence, I was told, occasioned little emotion in our troops, till the ensigns, indicative of your Majesty's presence, were displayed. Then it was, that the panic this information excited, speedily made its way to the Vizir's pavilion; whose exalted lord, had sufficient employment in preparing for the next day's action, not for me to feel assured, I was safe from his immediate notice.

"Relieved from this dread, my heart became light; and so far was I from sharing in the horrors with which my companions anticipated the action of the following morning, that I felt a presen-

timent its result would not be inimical to my hopes.

"I now look back with wonder, to the composure of my mind during the tremendous roar of artillery—the clashing of arms—and the various, till then unheard of, sounds which saluted my ears! I remained alone, and undismayed, in a small apartment which was assigned me; with my cherished casket placed on a cushion near me, on which I continued to gaze; and so ignorant was I of all that was passing without my chamber, that I knew not, till many hours after the circumstance had taken place, that Kara Mustapha had sent off Seraphina, under a strong escort, to a place of greater safety; apprehending that the fate of the day would terminate adverse to his forces. A few females, who were, at the time, with the favorite, accompanied her flight.

"While I sat, stunned by noise and

uproar, a thought suddenly struck me, that this moment was the one most proper to examine the contents of my mother's precious legacy. Should Heaven restore me to liberty, (exclaimed I,) is it not expedient I should know to whom I belong? Assuredly, this is the occasion on which it is permitted me to unfold its secrets! At the same time, I applied this key to the lock.

"It easily yielded to my touch; and, as the lid sprang open, with an eager, yet trembling hand, I was about to take from it a paper, when I felt my arms violently seized.—On looking round, I beheld a soldier, who had entered the recess in which I sat, unperceived by me; and the next instant, grasping my casket, forcibly wrenched it from me—and immediately disappeared with it.

"I desperately pursued him through several apparently deserted apartments; but on arriving at that which the females

usually occupied——Merciful Providence!—My blood runs cold as I recal the spectacle which saluted me!—The greater number of my companions lay there, weltering in their blood!*

"I stood, for some time, rooted to the spot, transfixed with horror!—How long I remained there I know not; but I was awakened to a sense of immediate danger, threatening myself, by a monster, who, lifting a scimitar, in the same moment, exclaimed, 'I thought I had completed my work; but here is another woman to be snatched from those Christian ravishers!'

* After the flight of the Infidels, on the relief of Vienna, when the Christians entered their deserted camp, they were presented with the shocking sight of numbers of women murdered by their husbands; who chose rather to destroy, than to expose them to the licentiousness of their enemies.

Vide Journal of the Siege.

"I have now no idea how I effected it—Despair, perhaps, lent me supernatural strength: but I eluded his deadly stroke, and escaped his grasp, by an effort, which my appearance had not prepared him to believe me capable of making. Like an arrow I was darting forward, when my steps were arrested by the sight of a being, whose sweet countenance was expressive of the most heavenly benevolence! I thought him an angel of bliss, come to receive, and speak peace to my affrighted soul!

"This celestial messenger, for such he appeared, extended towards the forlorn one his protecting arms—unhesitatingly she rushed into them.——The rest you already know," added the blushing girl; who now was overwhelmed with the consciousness that her tongue had expressed sentiments which she felt, though her heart bore testi-

mony to their existence, were far too glowing to be addressed to the destined husband of another than herself.

Sidney, in great emotion, retired behind the sultanne that the King and Sabina occupied, against which he leaned for support; while Sapieha, without any comment, abruptly quitted the room.

In the mean time, Sobieski, after some minutes consideration, said:—

"I would give much to recover the contents of your casket; though I remember so many traits of my brother, at the period you mention, corroborative of what you have just told me, that I cannot harbour a doubt of its truth; and shall act, my dear Sabina, as if I possessed written testimonials, to substantiate it.

"I was myself present with your father, at the ceremony of Kara Mustapha's receiving homage; and well recollect the indignation I felt at the ser-

vile meanness of the actors in that despicable scene.

"I also perfectly remember a circumstance some time after, which made but a slight impression when it occurred; though I now perceive it led to such important consequences.

"It happened while a very oppressive weight hung on my spirits, which my kind Olesko, fearful of its consequences, sought every means to dissipate.

"One afternoon, during our stay at Constantinople, a more than usually gloomy fit of abstraction having seized me, my brother forced me from home in the hope of diverting my mind from its effects.

"As we were together strolling through one of the streets which led to the Solimany, he stopped to point out to my observation, a group of miserable objects, who were on their way to the

shops, which deal out opium. Our *pity* was at first roused by the sight of these wretches; and curiosity afterwards for some time detained us, to mark the effect of this intoxicating drug.

"The spectacle they exhibited, was calculated on the whole, to produce feelings of an opposite nature. Their pale and melancholy figures would have raised unmixed commiseration, had not the lengthened neck of one, the head turned on one side of a second, the distorted back-bone of a third, the shoulder raised to the ear of a fourth, and a number of other extravagant attitudes, exhibited a picture of the most ludicrous nature.

"Olesko and I followed this group to a long row of little shops, built against one of the walls that surround the square, within which is situated the mosque.

"These shops were shaded by ar-

bours, reaching from one end to the other; and under them were placed little sofas, to accommodate the customers, without blockading the passage.

"As these poor objects arrived, we perceived them seat themselves in regular order, to take the proper dose of opium, in proportion to the habit each had contracted. Those who had most indulged in the practice, were presented by the venders with four pills of a larger size than an olive; which they swallowed, drinking immediately after a glass of cold water. When this was done, they all remained, from forty minutes to an hour, immoveable in their particular attitudes.*

"Gradually every one of these automata became completely animated. They then threw themselves into a thousand different postures—but all extrava-

* Baron de Tott.

gant—all full of mirth! then did the scene become truly amusing to us; for the actors were happy. Though all returned home in a state of total irrationality, they were in the entire enjoyment of a delirium of pleasure, not to be conferred by reason.

"Disregarding the ridicule of the by-standers, (who were infinitely diverted by the absurdity of their conversation and gestures) each individual, while the intoxication lasted, imagined—and looked—and felt himself possessed of all the most boundless desires could covet!

"While we stood viewing their expressions of frantic merriment, and moralizing on the pernicious consequences of a system so prevalent, I observed a person evidently under a disguise, who for some time had watched us with much earnestness. This I made my brother notice also; who, perceiving

that we still continued to be the objects of his attention, asked him his business. On this the stranger whispered mysteriously in his ear.

"After a little hesitation, Olesko, turning to me, said, he would follow me home presently; and, without waiting for an answer, turned into another street with the unknown.

"If a momentary surprise assailed me, it quickly gave way to my habitually melancholy ruminations, which crowded on me as I strolled slowly homewards. My brother, in a few hours, joined me at our habitation. When he entered, I was struck with his appearance, which was expressive of great agitation. I questioned him as to the business of his disguised acquaintance; but observing that, without answering my inquiries, he endeavoured to change the conversation, I

yielded to his wish, and never mentioned the subject again to him.

"Had not my own misanthropic humour, at that period, made me view with indifference some singularities in his conduct, it is probable he might have been led to disclose the source of that remarkable change, which, I now remember, took place in him from that very afternoon.

"It was not long after this adventure, that we received a summons from my mother, which carried us back to Warsaw. Olesko certainly departed with reluctance from Constantinople; and lingered in that city two days after every thing was in readiness for our departure; during which time I scarcely saw him. The arrival of Pivot from France, with intelligence for myself, just at that period, too fully engrossed my mind, to render me desirous of scrutinizing

into the motives of my brother's conduct.

"Our stay in Warsaw was short, and my mother's commands peremptory. But, in spite of her injunctions, I could not sufficiently control my temper, to brook what I deemed an insult, which I received from an officer, in whose company I was accidentally thrown, in our way to join the Polish army. I challenged him, and received a wound in our combat, which confined me to my bed for some weeks.

"The best of friends and of brothers, as soon as he was assured my life was no longer in danger, took of me a reluctant leave, and pushed forward to join our troops, in the animating hope of assisting to wipe off the tarnish which had sullied the honor of his country, in the affair of Pilawiecz; and at which his heroic mother indignantly blushed.

"Oh, my brother!" sighed Sobi-

eski, as many tender recollections pressed on his memory, "I then little thought I had bade you an eternal adieu! but to thy sweet orphan will I greatly evince the affection I bore thee!" After a considerable pause, the King, turning to Sabina, said, "But why have you never before acquainted us with the misfortunes of your mother? I have never doubted but you were the daughter of Kara Mustapha!"

"Sire," replied she, "I had no reason to conjecture that my father was known to any of the friends who have protected me since my rescue; and I could never imagine it probable that you should be acquainted with my mother—a native of England! It is true, I have listened to many anecdotes of you from her; but how was it possible for me to guess, that, in the King of Poland, I beheld the Knight of the Cavern! the only epithet she ever gave

you. The scene of horror which succeeded the loss of my casket, for a time banished it from my memory. At Vienna, I imparted to Leonce its loss; to recover which he vainly made every search within his power: and, when I was persuaded it was irrevocably lost to me, I forbore to inflict uneasiness on him, by continuing to express the regret I suffered on account of it."

"Never, till this hour," said Sidney, "had I the remotest idea, that it contained any thing but jewels. You spoke of it only as your mother's valuable legacy. Had I known the truth, it is not improbable but an offer of a great reward might have induced the possessor to restore what could be of no use to him."

"At all events, my dear girl," observed the King, "you acted unadvisedly; for, allowing it impossible, unassisted by the contents of your casket,

to have ascertained who your father was, it would have been no difficult task for me to have discovered your maternal relations."

"Of late, Sire," replied Sabina, "I have meditated much on this subject. I was at first prevented from addressing you respecting it, by the consideration, that my family were all perfect strangers to me; and that they might have doubted facts, which I was destitute of the means to substantiate. Had they rejected me as an impostor, to have exposed myself to a situation so humiliating, would have been a cruel aggravation of my misfortunes; and had they consented to receive me, distant as they are from this country—I thought—I feared—I——"

Stammering—her cheeks dyed with blushes—and her eyes cast on the ground—she stopped.

Sobieski smiled, as he said to her, in

a voice of kindness, "The friends, my dear Sabina, who possess so much power over your affections, as to induce you, so long, to forego those advantages, you might have justly hoped, from a recognition of your family, are indeed highly flattered by the distinction."

An arch side-glance at Sidney, as he spoke, directed to him an emphatic meaning, of which, fortunately for poor Sabina, she was wholly unconscious.

The attention of the party was at this moment diverted to a new object, by the entrance of Sapieha; his benevolent face glowing with pleasure, and holding in his hands a small box.

"Know you this?" asked he, presenting it to Sabina, who had raised her eyes on his approaching her.

"Oh heavens! my casket!" exclaimed she, eagerly taking it. It was unbroken and perfect, as when torn

from her, in the camp of Kara Mustapha!

As she applied her key to its lock, she ejaculated, with pious solemnity, "My mother! art thou conscious that thy child is thus amply rewarded for her obedience to thy wishes, by inspecting thy precious legacy in such a moment of happiness?—so surrounded!"

She lifted the cover; beneath it lay a paper, which, unfolding, she found to be a letter from her father, addressed to Sobieski, a few hours before the fatal action took place, in which he lost his liberty and life. This letter acquainted him with the leading facts of his history, such as Sabina had detailed them; with his reason for concealing them so long from a brother most dear to him. He stated, that knowing the impetuosity of his valor, and his disregard of death, he had cautiously hid from him an en-

terprise, which he had meditated from the moment he was made acquainted with the captivity of Sidney Stanhope; well aware that he would insist on sharing with him the perils he must encounter in effecting her deliverance, and resolved to spare his mother, should fortune frown on them, the certain loss of *both* her sons.

After he had at length accomplished this hazardous undertaking, two reasons had hitherto prevented him from apprising his brother of the circumstances. The one, his earnest wish of himself, personally acquainting his mother with his marriage; till when, he feared committing it to paper: the other, his hopes of so soon enjoying a personal interview with his brother; when he would be enabled at once to tell him every thing, and introduce to him his beloved wife.

He added, that the anxiety he naturally felt, for a creature so dear to him

as the partner of his life, had induced him to take the precaution of leaving with her this letter, to be delivered to him, in case the action in which they were about to engage should terminate fatally to himself; and he concluded, by most affectingly conjuring his brother, if such was to be the will of heaven, to be ever to his Sidney a tender friend; and to the pledge of their love, with which she was likely to bless him, the affectionate parent which he should himself prove, were that happiness permitted him.

The next paper which presented itself contained some lines, written a few hours before her death, by the unfortunate Sidney, and addressed to her child.

They explained the motives for desiring her to continue ignorant of her near affinity to the family of Sobieski; supposing it should be her fate to linger

out her days in hopeless captivity. She said, it was her wish to spare her child the sorrow she had herself ever experienced, at the horrid rejoicings which followed any victory obtained by the Turkish arms over the Poles. This had always been so cruel an aggravation of her own sorrow, that she was anxious to guard her Sabina from experiencing similar feelings; which, were she acquainted with the ties of blood which bound her to the greatest of the Polish Generals, would naturally assail her.

The pathos with which, in her concluding words, she invoked blessings on her child, deluged the face of that lovely girl in tears; and, wholly disabling her from proceeding in her search, she resigned the casket into the hands of Sobieski. He took from thence a certificate of his brother's marriage with Sidney Stanhope; signed by a priest, with whom the King had been inti-

mately acquainted during his abode in Constantinople. It was witnessed by a confidential servant of Olesko, who shared in his master's fate; and the eunuch who had aided their flight.

Next followed a certificate of Sabina's christening, bearing the exact date she had mentioned.

One small parcel now alone remained in the casket: the King opened it impatiently. It presented to his view, those well-known lineaments of his brother; whose beneficent expression he had so often contemplated with affectionate pleasure.

It was a miniature taken of him, by Sapieha, in his very best style, soon after Sidney Stanhope's departure from France, expressly for the purpose of being conveyed to her by the first favorable opportunity.

None, however, having occurred before their sudden return to Poland, he

had carried it with him to that country, still intending to send it her from thence. The name of Sapieha, with the date of its execution, were still visible.

The King, after regarding it some time, in great emotion, put it into the hand of the artist; saying, in a suffocated voice:—

"How does that face recal to my memory the days that are gone! and those objects most dear to my soul, yet lost to me for ever!"

Sapieha, overcome by his own feelings, walked to a distant window; and, in its recess, for some time stood gazing on the representation of his departed friend; his affection for whose memory was interwoven with the tenderest fibres of his heart.

As he returned the miniature to the King, the mutual and silent pressure of the hand in which they indulged, told

each how sincerely they sympathized in sentiments awakened by the recollections which oppressed both: yet so softened were their regrets by the hand of Time, that they felt:—

"There is a joy in grief, when peace dwells in the breast of the sad. It is like the shower of spring, when it softens the branch of the oak."

The entrance of the Queen now obliged his Majesty to make an effort over his feelings, that he might be enabled to inform her of the astonishing discovery, which had just taken place.

That Princess but thinly veiled the discontent with which she listened to the tale, and viewed the incontestible proofs of Sabina's birth and identity: well knowing, that, as the daughter and only child of the eldest branch of the house of Sobieski, she was entitled to the whole of a very large sum, which was settled on the females,

and younger children, of the representative of their family.

Her children would now be deprived of this ample supply; for she was too well acquainted with her royal consort's integrity, not to be assured he would never deprive his niece of what was so justly her due.

After examining and discussing the contents of the casket, she said, with a contemptuous smile, "Where, then have these valuable mementos been kept all this while; and for what purpose concealed?"

Sapieha, after reminding her of what she had before heard, that they were forcibly taken from Sabina in the camp of Kara Mustapha, added, "*I* can alone account for its having been thus long in finding its way to us. The person who robbed my lovely little cousin of it, was a German soldier; to whom I was well known, by having been fortu-

nately enabled to do him an essential service. The man, imagining he had obtained a rich booty, carefully secreted his prize: but he did not escape with impunity, this cowardly theft. He received, by an accidental fall of some ruins, at his entrance into Vienna, a blow on the head, so severe, as has, till lately, kept him a wretched invalid; when his sufferings terminated in death. He was carried, on its happening, in a state of insensibility, to an hospital; whither his wife accompanied him, and found this remarkable casket in his pocket. On examination, perceiving nothing of value within, she returned every paper in the order she had found them, and carefully put it away in a place of safety, till her husband, by recovering his senses, should be enabled to explain to her their meaning. This did not happen till some time after we had quitted Vienna; and the poor wo-

man, who is now in this palace, has informed me, that her husband could only make out that it concerned some of the Polish generals; which suggested to him the wish that it should be conveyed to me. French, except his own, was the only language with which he was acquainted; and your mother's letter, my dear Sabina, you will observe, is the only thing written in that language. The name of Sobieski did not escape him; which, when joined to the family likeness the miniature bears to the King, at the same time that it suggested the belief that it might relate to him, likewise gave birth to the wish, that the casket should be faithfully delivered into my hands; as, should his Majesty be interested in the contents, he was anxious I should exert my good offices with him, in behalf of his wife, to procure his indulgence for its having for so long a period been withheld from

him. The poor woman promised her dying husband, to give it into no hand but mine; to fulfil which, she has brought it herself to this place. It was just before we assembled to dinner, this day, that I, for the first time, saw her. She immediately gave into my custody the casket; and I promised her an interview in the afternoon, when I would listen to her explanation of what induced her to deposit it with me. The mention of Sabina's loss, instantly kindled in my bosom the hope that this might prove to be hers. I hastened to the woman—her story I have already told you. It was with the most heart-felt delight that I saw the lock instantly yield to the key of our dear girl, who, at the first glance, recognized her lost treasure.

The soldier's wife was now summoned into the royal presence, and cleared up the only circumstance which still appeared inexplicable.

She accounted for the manner in which she had obtained a sight of the interior of the casket, without using force, by saying, when she took it from her husband's pocket, it was unlocked; and had been kept together by his handkerchief, in which it was tied.

"You must all remember," interrupted the King, "that Sabina informed us she had just lifted the cover, at the moment it was forced from her: but by what means, my good woman, did you again fasten it?"

The soldier's widow, approaching the table on which it stood, pointed to a small knob of steel, which appeared to be placed there as an ornament, and said, "As I sat on my husband's bed, with this box in my hand, after having replaced in it all we found there, in turning it different ways to examine its exterior, I accidentally pressed that little ball; on which the lock instantly fast-

ened with a loud snap. The invalid, whose attention was caught by the sound, was persuaded himself, and soon convinced me, this accident was the work of a superior power; who had thus pointed out to us his will, that its contents should remain sacred from every other eye, but those to whom it belonged. He, in consequence, exacted from me the most solemn assurances, that I would never again attempt to open it. With this I have religiously complied."

The woman, with a promise of being comfortably provided for, was then dismissed: and the Queen, finding it impossible to doubt such evidence, retired again to her boudoir, to ponder and to plan.

Sobieski, now looking round his family, with devout seriousness, addressed them in these words:

"The hand of Heaven is visible in un-

ravelling this transaction!—Mark, Sapieha—my children—mark and adore its wisdom! An earlier, though but a partial discovery might have been made, had you, my son, resumed your real name after my recognition of you. I know it was to comply with my wishes, you retained the fictitious one of Leonce; and will confess, that with the sound of Sidney were connected recollections, at that time, rendered excruciatingly painful. Yet I shall ever rejoice in having indulged my weakness in that particular; since the delaying this explanation has been the means of ascertaining to me, how excellent, how upright, how capable of the magnanimous exertion of sacrificing your inclinations at the shrine of duty, you both are; consequently, how deserving the reward which I shall delight in conferring on you. My Sidney!—my Sabina!—sounds ever inseparably blended in my

fond memory! I have beheld, with admiration, your virtuous struggles, and will happily end them. Be you united in destiny, as were, in sympathy and affection, the lovely beings from whom you derive those cherished names! and may the shades of our departed friends enjoy at once the consciousness of your mutual happiness, and the knowledge, that its completion is the work of Sobieski!"

Quite overcome by joy and gratitude, these interesting young creatures threw themselves at the feet of their august relative. He raised and embraced them tenderly; then placing the hand of Sabina within that of her transported lover, and ejaculating, in a broken voice, "Bless—bless you both!" he hurried abruptly from the apartment, and shut himself, for the remainder of the evening, in his own.

Who can paint the felicity of the

lovers! After receiving the sincere and affectionate congratulations of Sapieha, Theresa, and the Princes, Constantine and Alexander, who were too disinterested to participate in the ungenerous feelings of the Queen and Prince James, they found an opportunity of escaping into the garden.

Together they now rambled through that very path which Sabina had but a short time before traversed with Sapieha: her heart then filled with sensations so opposite to those in which she now indulged. They reached the margin of the stream, down whose gentle current she had, with despairing eye, watched, floating from her view, those blossoms she then fancied so emblematic of her hopes of happiness! On its clear mirror was now reflected the soft and silvery moon-beams: their lovely effect on the undulating waters, heightened by the

dark verdure of the groves which skirted its sides, and the weeping willows, which laved their pliant branches in its liquid element!

As, turning their regards from the scene around, this charming pair fixed them on each other, they sensibly felt, how preferable to the tumultuous joy that had a few hours before agitated them, was that tranquilly delicious consciousness of happiness, into which those wild transports had now sweetened.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

CHAP. XIV.

THE result of the Queen's cogitations, was a determination to interrupt that pleasure in which she could not participate. She assured her royal consort, that the uneasiness and regret with which she viewed his growing attachment, for his recently discovered relatives, originated in the fears which ever haunted her, that it must infallibly weaken his affection for herself and offspring.

These eternally reiterated apprehensions, with the dissatisfaction constantly visible in the manners of herself and Prince James, soon determined Sobieski on a plan, which, though very re-

pugnant to his inclination, he was convinced could alone restore to him the comfort of domestic tranquillity.

He had told the young couple they must await the sanction of General Stanhope, to their union, before he should see it ratified; but the pain this delay, under less happy circumstances, would have inflicted, was not felt by them—blessed as they were in the dear privilege of passing the greatest portion of their time in each other's society, and in rambling through the enchanting grounds of Villanow; which offered them occasions so precious, to interchange, uninterruptedly, their mutual sentiments, and indulge in the anticipation of that happiness, a life thus passed together must ensure. If, from time to time, they were wounded by the ill-will of the Queen or Prince James, a look, a word, from each other, obliterated the recollection. Yet could they not so easily

reconcile themselves to the evident pain these frequent occurrences inflicted on the King, for whom they both entertained the most enthusiastic affection.

A considerable time had thus passed away, when one morning Sobieski summoned them to a conference in his library. They found with him the ever amiable Sapieha, who appeared, on their entrance, in earnest conversation with his Majesty.

"Come hither, my children," said the King, as soon as he perceived them. "The moment is arrived, in which I will open to you this whole heart: listen to its secrets. You must be both sensible how very dear you are to the affections of Sobieski; and with what sincerity he would rejoice in keeping ever near him the representatives of those beloved of his youth, whose images 'revive with the memory of former times, like the evening sun on his soul.'

Yet it must not be!—My Sidney! thy father has not deserved, that at *thy* hands he should receive the consolation thou art capable of bestowing!—Nor will he suffer thy happiness to be wrecked, amidst those storms of family dissention—overwhelmed by whose impetuous shocks he will probably terminate his own career! Should these sad presentiments prove prophetic, even in their accomplishment, he must reverence the justice of Heaven, which will not permit, that *he* who blighted the happiness of another family shall enjoy peace in the bosom of his own.* That

* The presentiments of the King were fulfilled. The political intrigues of the Queen, and the disunion of his children, embittered his latter years: and, after his death, involved his sons in great distresses: with them the name of *Sobieski* became extinct; not one of them leaving *male* issue. James Sobieski, his eldest son, left by his wife (the daughter of the Elector Palatine), two daugh-

marriage, which is so consonant to all our wishes, need now be no longer delayed. Here is the consent of your delighted grandfather, my beloved niece, to that choice which will ensure your earthly felicity. As the acknowledged child of his ever regretted daughter, he constitutes you heiress to his now ample fortune.

"For you, my son, I have also succeeded in that plan which I feel assured is the most calculated for your good. Behold this patent of nobility, which Louis of France has, at my instances,

ters only; one of whom married the Pretender, the other the Prince de Bouillon. His second son, Alexander, took orders in a convent of Capuchins at Rome; and the third, Constantine, married a German Baroness, by whom he had no issue.

The union of his *only* daughter, Theresa Cunegonda, with the Elector of Bavaria, was the sole event connected with his children which gave him lasting pleasure.

granted you. It renews in your person the honors of your maternal family, conferring on you the title of Count de Montresor, which became extinct by the death of your grandfather; and in your hands I have pledged myself it will acquire new lustre.

"When you have received my paternal benediction on your union, my children, you shall retire to that estate, near which reposes the ashes of her, 'who passed away in secret, like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen, and strews its withered leaves on the blast.'"—

He paused a few minutes, then went on:—"Sapieha has resolved on accompanying you into France: he has wrung from me my consent to a measure, on which he has set his heart."

Alas! how mixed, how imperfect is the happiness to be tasted in this transitory state! That of the party now

assembled was obscured by the prospect of a separation, dreaded by all; yet of the necessity of which each individual was fully sensible.

Before they separated, the King fixed the day, on which were to be united the destinies of those objects, who now appeared almost wholly to occupy his thoughts.

On the afternoon previous to this important day, Sobieski, in the presence of the whole royal family, called their attention to the ceremony of relinquishing to Sabina the large fortune to which she was entitled, as the daughter of his elder brother; when that charming girl, with a look and voice of sensibility, thus interrupted him:—"Sire, you have condescended to accept me as your child; convince me that you really consider me the sister of my dear Theresa, my Constantine, and Alexander, by allowing me to share with, instead of

wholly depriving them of that fortune, which has, till lately, been supposed to be indisputably theirs."

Sidney seconded this request with an earnestness so sincere, that even the Queen was touched by their disinterested generosity; the more so, as it was shewn by two amiable young persons, who had experienced treatment from herself so very different.

This generous intention was long combated by the King: but he at length yielded to their wishes; secretly determining, by the additions he would make to the portion of his son, to compensate them for their sacrifice in this instance.

Every one present was affected by the scene; and it produced the pleasing effect of restoring to her Majesty the most perfect good humour; who, feeling certain the objects of her late jealously were about soon to remove to a

sufficient distance, resolved that she would, by her condescending kindness during the short time they continued her guests, obliterate the unfavorable impression her manners had been calculated to make on them.

On the next day, in the private chapel of the palace, and in the presence of the whole royal family, the enraptured Sidney received, from his august parent, the hand of his adored Sabina. The ceremony was followed by those scenes of gaiety and festivity, which Theresa had so delightedly anticipated on a supposed occasion, which would have been quite inimical to that happiness, which now dwelt in the hearts of Sidney and Sabina!

The lady to whom his Majesty had, at that period, purposed uniting him, was one of the daughters of the house of Paz: but a recent dispute, which had taken place between her father and

the Monarch, had put an end to this intention, just before the discovery of his niece rendered it so desirable.

The hero of Poland shed tears, as he blessed and bade adieu to these children of his affections, previous to their departure for the native country of his son. He charged them to hasten, and express to Louis their gratitude for the favor he had conferred on Sidney, before visiting their future residence: with which injunction they most scrupulously complied.

The very day of their arrival in Paris, Sapieha called at the hotel of his old and much respected friend, the Baroness de Bonneville. Her health he found, at that period, better than her spirits, which had suffered much from the recent loss of Dupuis; whose death had for the time checked her favorite pursuits. That good old lady returned with Sapieha; and was introduced by him to

the young Count and Countess de Montresor. For these charming young people, she soon found revive, that real attachment she had felt for their regretted parents. She attended them in their visit of duty to their Majesties; supporting, by her presence, the timid bride. That lovely being excited universal attention and admiration, in the circles of royalty, for the happy union of grace, modesty, and simplicity, which characterized her; nor was the Count received with less flattering distinction, by the gracious Monarch.

This etiquette performed, they left Paris for Montresor; in which journey they easily prevailed on the Baroness to accompany them. The converse and attentions of her much admired friend, Sapieha, joined to those of the Count and Countess, soon restored her naturally cheerful spirits to their usual tone.

Father Theodore, who, as well as

the Duke of Lorraine, had been regularly acquainted with every event of importance which occurred to their favorite by himself, received him and his Sabina with the sensibility which had ever marked his character towards their mothers. After the emotions of the first interview were a little subsided, as he heaved a sigh of regret for those whose lovely resemblance he traced in their children, he ejaculated:—

"'Like the leaves of summer, they have passed away in the rustling blast: but, lo! other leaves lift their green heads on high!'"

Camilla, still healthy, and capable of enjoying pleasure, received, with rapture, as the future residents of the chateau, him who had been her darling nurseling, and the sweet creature so calculated to render that abode to him an earthly paradise; while the Baroness and herself possessed for each other

an inexhaustible source of enjoyment, in recalling to their memories the scenes of former times.

General Stanhope soon joined this happy party; and felt that his Sidney was again revived in the dutiful, the affectionate, the interesting Countess: with whom, and her lord, he was so greatly charmed, that he wore away the remnant of his days in the bosom of their family—himself, the object of universal veneration and love. The Baroness also became too much attached to it, not to yield with pleasure to the general wish of her becoming one of its permanent members; and, while she was rendered happy by the filial affection of her young friends, she had the satisfation of seeing herself of infinite importance to the neighbouring cottagers; to whom she soon acted the part of the Lady Bountiful; and was re-

garded by them all as an oracle of medical knowledge and skill.

Sapieha, growing daily more and more attached to his young relations; and finding, in their chateau, that peaceful and enchanting harmony so congenial to his gentle nature, which he had vainly sought in the palaces of his august relative, delighted every one by the declaration, that it should in future be his principal residence.

He was soon after still more confirmed in this resolution, by learning that a very serious disagreement had arisen between the King of Poland and his father, which created a complete breach between the houses of Sobieski and Sapieha. This amiable being, therefore, made up his mind to avoid the painful necessity of taking part in the dispute, by remaining in France; feeling it equally repugnant to his inclina-

tions to violate his filial duty to a parent whom he respected, or the grateful love he bore for his royal cousin.

A new charm was given to his life, in the gratifying opportunity of displaying his exquisite taste, in assisting the Count in those plans of improvement, which the chateau and its environs now underwent. That nobleman's ample fortune enabling him to render it one of the most beautiful, as well as the most sublime spots imagination can paint.

But, with religious veneration, he preserved, untouched, every hallowed memento of his departed mother! or of those who had been ever dear to his heart. His affection for her had been so early, and so deeply implanted in his young bosom, by her unremitting, her touching tenderness—her sweet and interesting manners—and, above all, the recollection of her sorrows and her death—that its roots had grown with his

growth, and were so intimately entwined with his heart-strings, as never to be irradicated, but with life.

The charming young Countess soon caught the enthusiasm of her lord, for that once lovely, and ever beloved being! She listened with never satiated attention to every anecdote, every event with which her fate was connected; and ever contemplated her Hebe portrait with mingled sensibility and admiration.

One day, after Father Theodore had, during a *tête à tête* with her, been commenting on Sabina's fatal visit to the Egyptian Sibyl, from whence had arisen the train of misfortunes which so early conducted her to the tomb, the Countess broke a long silence, which followed his remark, by saying, " Does not the fate of that angelic woman, dear father, give us reason to believe, that the Sibyl was skilled in divination?—how, otherwise, can we account for the accomplishment of her prediction?"

"We can very easily reconcile this circumstance to probability, my child," answered the holy man, "without having recourse to supernatural powers. I have learnt from Camilla, that in her first visit to this woman, the questions put to her by the agent, were answered ingenuously by herself. The sum of the information thus given was, that her lady, though scarcely sixteen, and entirely new to the world, was about to be united to a nobleman more than thrice her age, whom she had never yet seen; and that this nobleman, from being entrusted with a high command in the French army, would probably pass but little of his time with his bride, till the restoration of peace. How natural, then, for the Sibyl to conjecture, that so young, so lovely, so new to the world, and surrounded by every kind of temptation, she would yield her inexperienced heart to one of the many seducers

who would, thus situated, besiege it. There is nothing astonishing in the completion of such a prediction."

"You are right, my revered friend," said the Countess; "and have just taught me a new subject of gratitude towards heaven, for having beneficently placed me in a situation remote from those dangers to which the sweet subject of our discourse fell a victim."

Within the year of their settlement at the Chateau de Montresor, the Count and Countess were blessed by the birth of a lovely boy; to celebrate which happy event, their inestimable friend, the Duke of Lorraine, visited their delightful retreat, accompanied by his amiable Duchess, and that fine youth, their son, destined to give, in his heir, a Sovereign to the German Empire! and to possess the heart and hand of the accomplished and beautiful Maria Theresa.

Charles witnessed, with heart-felt pleasure, the touching happiness of his beloved protegeé; and acknowledged, in a conversation with Father Theodore, that the King of Poland had, in his opinion, made every reparation in his power, for the wrongs he had done the unfortunate Sabina.

Those soft and *naïve* manners which characterized the interesting Countess, soon won her the admiration and friendship of himself and his Duchess; while the young Prince perfectly idolized her.

To the devoted Count, she was, if possible, a thousand times dearer in the character of a mother, than she had ever before appeared to his partial eyes. He delighted to contemplate her playing with her cherub; and her excessive tenderness for it charmed him, while it recalled to his memory what that of his beatified parent had been for himself,

One morning, after the party had been a few minutes assembled in the late Countess's drawing-room, the Baroness called their attention to a painting which hung between Sabina, as a child playing with her spaniel, and the portrait of her lovely mother.

"Pray, Count, is not that newly placed there?" asked the lady.

The eyes of every one were immediately turned to the subject of her inquiry. This production was not less admirably designed and executed, than it was interesting. It represented a glowing landscape, immediately recognized by some who were present, to be taken from the gardens of the Palace of Villanow.

But, charming as was the scene, the universal attention was instantly and irresistibly seized, by the figure of a lovely girl, habited in a Polish dress, who was seen leaning against a shrub, on the

margin of a fine stream, and anxiously watching some distant object which appeared to have nearly floated from her view. Animation was given to this sweet figure, by the appearance of its being in the act of starting forward, and eagerly clasping her hands, as if passionately regretting the object so nearly lost in distance. The expression of the countenance, the form, and the attitude, were all in so high a degree fascinating, that even a perfect stranger must have derived pleasure from their contemplation. How much greater then must it have afforded to those friends who were now regarding it!

"My dear Count," cried the Duke of Lorraine, "what an inimitable like ness of our lovely hostess! except that I have never perceived any traces of that anxiety which the artist has impressed on her charming features! May I ask who executed it?"

"That I am yet to learn," replied the delighted Count, casting his eyes round the company; though, I confess, the arch smile which plays on Sapieha's lips, points my suspicion at him.—What says my friend; does he plead guilty?"

"Even so," replied he: "but there is yet another person present, who must be brought to confession, in order to justify the artist."

The Countess, while her cheeks were dyed with blushes, cast a reproachful glance at Sapieha.

"Enough," cried he: "you all see her very looks condemn her. Now listen to the little history of my painting."

He then related what had passed between the supposed Selima and himself, in the gardens of Villanow; explaining to them the idea she had conceived, that those blossoms just receded from her sight, were emblematic of her

lost happiness, which had for ever fled. "I sympathized too sincerely in her sorrow," added he, affectionately, "not to have received a very lasting impression of that scene; and since I have rejoiced in witnessing the completion of her felicity, often have I recalled the striking contrast her whole person at that moment formed, to what it has appeared since her residence at Montresor. If we delight to contemplate that heart-felt happiness, which now so sweetly dwells on her lovely features, you must all agree, my friends, that they lose nothing in interest or beauty, animated as I have there represented them. The less so, when we call to mind, that the temporary grief she then experienced, led to two objects equally calculated to excite our pleasure:—The exhibiting to our august and beloved relative, the fortitude and virtue of her excellent mind: and preparing her own heart

doubly to enjoy that reward it has so deservedly received."

Satisfaction beamed on every face, as Sapieha explained herself. The Count, who had never before heard this little trait, and in whose mind a thousand fond recollections were revived by the detail, with tender pleasure, alternately regarded the idolized partner of his bosom, and the interesting portrait taken of her by their mutual friend.

General and high were the commendations which Sapieha received, for this effort in his favorite art; particularly from the Baroness; who, turning to Theodore, said:

Has not my ingenious friend, Sapieha, given us an instructive moral, good Father, in the admirable subject which has led to this conversation?—Does it not offer a delicate lesson against *distrusting the indulgence of Heaven*; and remind us, that though our pros-

pects may, at times, be obscured by the clouds of misfortune, we ought not, even in this transitory life, to abandon the hope, that our horizon may yet brighten? No one can be a more remarkable example, than myself, of this truth; who, notwithstanding the afflictions which have darkened many of my years, am now enabled to 'meet life's peaceful evening with a smile.'"

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The Author has endeavoured, in this work, carefully to avoid violating any important historic fact. She has founded her little tale on the circumstance of John Sobieski, after ascending the throne of Poland, having so far acknowledged a son of the Marchioness de Briscacier to be his, as to exert his influence with Louis XIV. to confer on *that son* the title of Duke.

As a King, a soldier, and a man, the character of Sobieski, to the period at which the Author has taken leave of him, is detailed with the strictest historical accuracy: as is that of the Duke of Lorraine. The rest of the personages

are, for the most part, fictitious; except such as have a place in history.

The Author, with great diffidence, submits this first essay of her pen to the eye of criticism; encouraged alone by the hope of benefiting from those strictures her errors may justly draw forth, should she attempt a future work.

THE END.

Printed by J. D. Dewick,
46, Barbican.

BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY LACKINGTON, ALLEN, & Co.

FINSBURY-SQUARE.

MEMOIRS OF RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq. written by himself; containing an Account of his Life and Writings, interspersed with Anecdotes and Characters of several of the most distinguished Persons of his Time, with whom he has had Intercourse and Connexion. Elegantly printed in 2 vols, 8vo. with fine Portraits, 1l. 1s. A few Copies, in royal 4to. price 2l. 2s.

"It is a modest and manly performance, replete with original and important information, ingenious disquisition, and interesting anecdote."—*Vide Anti Jacobin Review.*

CLIO; or a DISCOURSE on TASTE. Addressed to a Lady. A new Edition, with Notes, Anecdotes, and Quotations. By J. MATHEW.

"He who refines the public taste, is a public benefactor."—*Dr. Johnson.*

*** This work being entirely free from abstruse disquisition, or quotations in the learned languages, is peculiarly adapted for ladies.

THE GENTLEMAN'S LIBRARY; being a Compendium of the Duties of Life in Youth and Manhood: containing Lord Chesterfield's Advice to his Son, Observations on Men and Manners, Polite Philosopher, and Rochefoucault's Maxims, with Selections from the Works of Hugh Blair, D.D. and James Fordyce, D.D. Elegantly printed in a Pocket Volume, 5s.

FITZOSBORNE'S LETTERS, on several Subjects. Eleventh Edition, elegantly printed, 5s.

*** The preceding is the complete edition of these celebrated Letters, including the valuable Essay on the Rise and Decline of Eloquence among the Romans, and an authentic Memoir of the Author's Life and Writings.

DR. JORTIN'S LIFE OF ERASMUS, with an Account of his Writings. Reduced from the larger Work, by LAYCEY; 8vo. with a beautiful Portrait, from Holbein's celebrated Picture, 8s. 6d.

*** This volume embraces every thing material in Dr. Jortin's Life of Erasmus; the omission being chiefly that of the Latin Notes; which, for the general reader, the Doctor himself acknowledges to be superfluous.

THE LUSIAD; or, The DISCOVERY of INDIA. An Epic Poem. Translated by WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, from the Portuguese of LUIS DE CAMOENS. The fourth Edition, printed to correspond with Lord Strangford's Translation of the Sonnets of Camoens, and enriched with numerous Historical Notes. Beautifully printed, and embellished by fine Plates, 1[illegible]s.

*** The Monthly Reviewers, in their Criticism on this Poem, give the following flattering Commendation of it:—"This truly classical and noble production, places the genius of Camoens in the most distinguished light, and the translator has done himself the highest honour, in making his author live in the fulness of his spirit, and in all the strength, harmony, and beauty of our heroic verse. Mr. Mickle has excelled even himself in his translation of this book. Such is the mellow harmony, spirit, and richness of his verse. In short, we do not hesitate to conclude, that this translation stands unrivalled by any but that of the Iliad."